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JOHN BULL

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For Meaning of this No. see Page iii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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SONG

SWEETHEARTS

WORDS and MUSIC

WITH THIS WEEK'S

MRS. BULL

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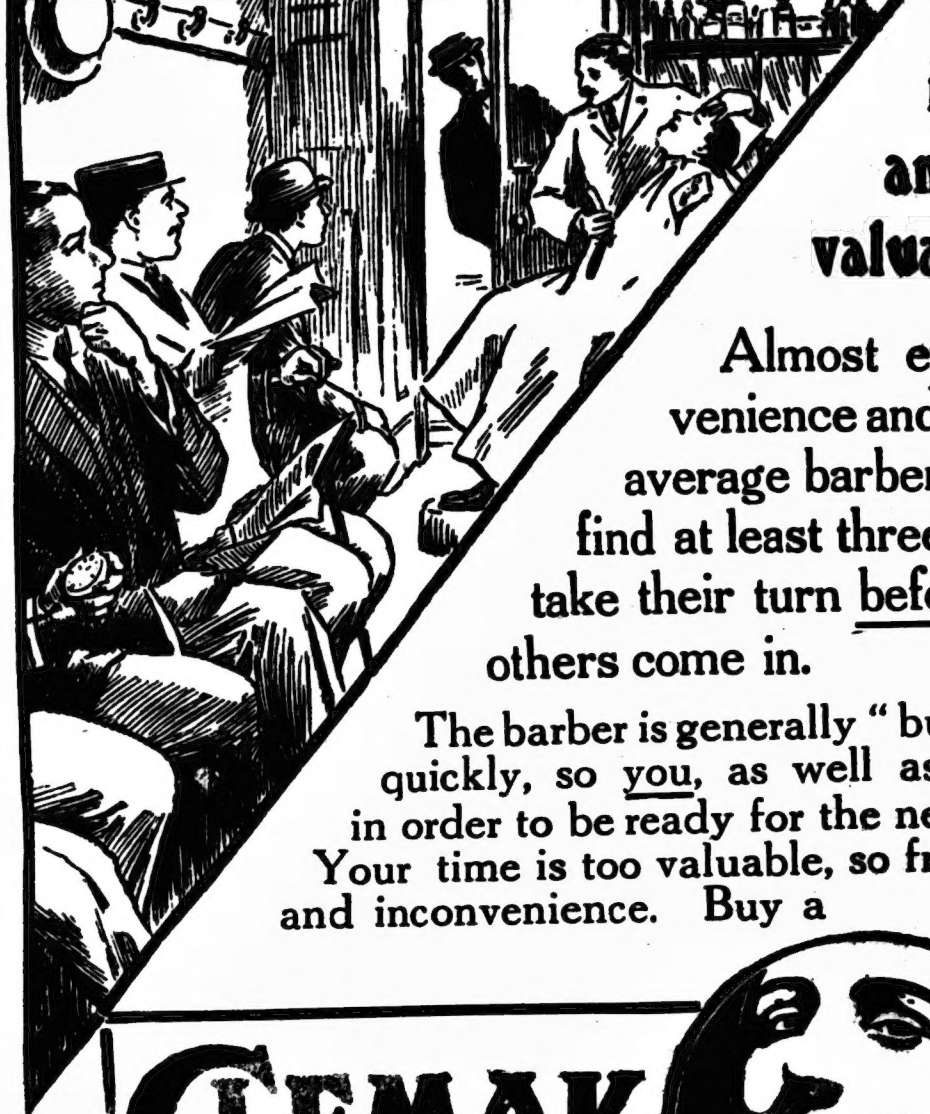

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JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant: Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XII. No. 311. Week ending Saturday, May 18th, 1912. One Penny.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

OUR MEETING.

Our meeting has been held, on a hot summer's evening, in the great Queen's Hall. As we anticipated, the Party press endeavoured to belittle it; but a synopsis, together with four pen pictures, will be found elsewhere. Next week we shall have something more to say about the future.

"WE TOLD YOU SO!"

So the Shops Act is to be "amended" already! The next amending Bill will be one to sole and heel the Insurance Act. And the next, to amend the Minimum Wage Act. All three measures are unworkable, and, in addition, will lose the Government many votes. Watch North-West Norfolk.

SIR GEORGE WHITE.

Which reminds us that poor old Sir George White, with all his austere nonconformity and temperance foibles, was always one of our best friends. We are not sure that even Mr. Hemmerde will be able to maintain the Government majority. If he does, he deserves immediate Office.

OUR CUTE KING.

We read with interest that Sir Edward Carson has been dining with his Majesty. That means the end of the Ulster revolution. His Majesty has inherited his distinguished father's diplomacy.

A JUST VERDICT.

We observe that Mr. Alan Burgoyne, M.P., has paid Ramsay Macdonald £100 by way of agreed damages for libelling him, by suggesting that in recent political action the Labour "leader" has been actuated by the expectation of reward from the Government. A more serious libel it is impossible to conceive, and our young friend has got off lightly. There is not a more disinterested and high-minded Member of the House of Commons than Ramsay, whom no offer of office, however exalted, would tempt to cross the narrow gangway which at present divides his seat from the Treasury Bench.

A "TITANIC" INQUIRY.

Is it a fact that Mr. Aspinall, K.C., one of the counsel for the Board of Trade now appearing before Lord Mersey, holds a permanent retainer to the White Star Line?

REAL PROTECTION.

Asked in the House of Commons the other day what representation the British public had before the Board of Trade Inquiry Court, Mr. Buxton replied that their interests "will be fully protected by the Law Officers of the Crown." We were under the impression that the Law Officers in this matter represented the Board of Trade—who, of course, are the people (if one may speak of the Board in the plural) really on their trial.

A HEAVY RESPONSIBILITY.

We observe that at a recent Welsh Disestablishment meeting held at Fishguard one of the speakers said it was "an intolerable shame that the control of the Church should be partly in the hands of Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Horatio Bottomley." We quite agree, and shall be very pleased to be relieved of the responsibility.

"NAME."

Who are the two Cabinet Ministers who call each other respectively by the names of two famous champagne growers?

THE MINISTERIAL WAY.

We recently asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer how he arrived at the figure of 1.7 as representing the probable increase in the consumption of spirits during the current financial year, and this is his reply:—"My conclusion that during the financial year there will be an increase in the consumption of spirits is based on examination of the spirit clearances during recent years." That is how he arrived at the decimal!

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 650.*

"B. T." Regulations.

"As illustrating the red tape methods of the Board of Trade," writes one of our readers, "it is a fact that some years ago the owners, when victualling a vessel specially chartered to carry Jew emigrants, applied to the Board that they should not be compelled to carry out the emigration victualling regulation that pork should be served out, suggesting that beef should be supplied instead. The Board of Trade replied stating that, no matter who they had on board, they must carry the pork 'according to the Regulations.'" Oh, those Regulations! "On another occasion," adds our correspondent, "a crew reported the Captain of the s.s. *Zarete* for not serving out lime juice. The Captain was summoned at Bow Street, although the crew were supplied daily with fresh meat and vegetables—the lime juice being, of course, intended to counteract the tendency to scurvy induced by salt meat without vegetables. The Board carried their point—that, although the crew had been fed entirely on fresh provisions, it did not exonerate the Captain from serving out the 'Regulation' lime juice!"

A Significant Conversation.

We have received a very important statement from Mr. G. T. Macfarlane, of 110, Fenchurch Street. He says:—"About twelve months ago, I had an interview with the late Thomas Andrews, the Managing Director of Harland and Wolff. I called on him with reference to a certain patent boat. He was good enough to enter into conversation with me on the subject of boats in general, and amongst other things I pointed out that the new ships, the *Olympic* and *Titanic*, would be very much underboated, and suggested there should be an adequate number to carry everyone on board, capable of being launched from either side. Mr. Andrews said that this would mean a very large expense, and that it could not be done because the other companies would not do it; so I suggested that the Board of Trade ought to compel their doing it, as they did in small vessels. Mr. Andrews said, 'They will never do that; the Board of Trade is under the influence of the shipping industry, and nothing will be done in the matter until there has been some big accident.' We then got on to the subject of the vulnerability of the *Mauretania* and the *Lusitania*. I pointed out to Mr. Andrews that these ships were as vulnerable as the ordinary ships, and he quite agreed with me; in fact, he said, 'These vessels have 33 water-tight doors, 12 of which are on the tank tops.' I told him that if they struck an iceberg they would go down like a stone—in which he agreed. He also said that if they struck amidships a like result would occur, because their coal would shift and the water-tight doors would jam.' Perhaps the Attorney-General will call Mr. Macfarlane as a witness.

Bringing Shipowners to Book.

We are glad to have the assistance of our very substantial and honourable friend, Mr. Cathcart Wason M.P., in impressing upon the Board of Trade the importance of seeing that the number of passengers carried on ocean-going vessels shall be duly recorded in the log book, in order to counteract the present practice of overloading at various ports. There is obviously no use in checking the number when the vessels leave our own shores, and then allowing any quantity to be added at foreign ports of call.

Birthday "Honours."

These will contain one or two "Irish rises" for certain political failures. Can you name any of them?

A Judgment.

On the whole, the professional gospellers have shown restraint in preaching upon the *Titanic* disaster. What the Rev. G. Slack, of Wakefield, said on the matter has not reached our ears, but, in expressing a hope that his sermon will be published, a local writer remarks, "Look what great calamities happen day after day—is it not a warning? The loss of the *Titanic* was a world-appalling disaster. Had not God a great number of people on that vessel, both rich and poor, in mid-ocean, and did He not speak to them, while a lot of them were serving Satan by playing cards, etc.? Did He not say to them, 'This night thy soul shall be required of thee'?" Everybody fashions a Providence after his own notion; but think of a just and beneficent God sending 1,700 to the bottom of the sea, making widows and orphans, and plunging homes into tribulation, because a few on board were playing cards on Sunday!

Another View.

Then there is a gentleman who writes in the *Chester Courant*. "God warns," he says, "but the ships fly heedlessly on in spite of the warning. Had the ship been slowed down for a Sabbath rest for the men and others, because it is a holy day, how different would have been the tale to-day, for all would have been well." It is true that if the ship had slowed down on Sunday the accident would probably not have been so calamitous, but then it is also true that if it had not slowed down on Monday and had run into the iceberg it would have gone to the bottom. On any day of the week, all things being equal, the calamity would have occurred. Providence does not build a ship, provide its boats and sail it across the seas—it is man. Man could have saved the *Titanic*; Providence did not. Providence helps those who help themselves.

Souvenirs.

A disaster has now overtaken the *Carpathia*, which carried the survivors of the *Titanic* to New York. The stewards having counted the spoons, find that no fewer than two hundred are missing, to say nothing of forks. Thus is the ruling passion strong in life. It is believed that some of the American survivors would have kleptomaniaced the saloon furniture, including the grand piano, if they could have got the goods ashore without being discovered. In years to come, probably, our children will be smoking pipes made out of the *Carpathia's* remains.

Boxted Again.

We note that the Salvation Army are still keeping the "bums" pretty busy on their "model" small-holding estate at Boxted. The sorry business is enough to make poor Herring turn in his grave.

P.C. Greaves.

Ex-police Constable Greaves—who gave some startling evidence at the Morrison murder trial—has left this country for Canada. We have always believed Greaves to be a straightforward, conscientious man, but after giving his evidence his life has not been altogether a bed of roses. We wish him luck in his new home. But why Canada?

Laying It On.

When a Radical journal gets a fit of "loyalty" it gets it badly. Thus we have the *Daily Chronicle* telling us that the young Prince of Wales already knows Paris "better than the Parisians themselves." Why, we believe that even *we* could show His Royal Highness a thing or two.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 650.*

PARASITICAL PARSONS.

Just now the Church papers are eloquent of the way the beneficed clergy exploit their poorer brethren. The holiday season for these rev. gentlemen is beginning; hence they are on the lookout for poor parsons whose only holiday consists in change of work. The well-to-do rector or vicar feels that he must recuperate for a few months. He therefore advertises for a brother of the cloth to do the work for him while he is away. In most cases he is content if the brother will do it for nothing; in some cases he is not above making a charge for the use of the vicarage. This is usually when the parish happens to be "beautifully situated"; and we note that when it is "near golf links," or can be described as "bracing," up goes the price at which the beneficed one is willing to let his poorer fellow do the holiday work for him.

SOME QUEER CASES.

In some instances the *locum tenens* is apparently permitted the use of two rooms only. Perhaps when he arrives at the scene of his new labours on earth to keep the flock of the vanishing pastor in the way to heaven, he finds the carpets covered up and the easy chair removed from the study. As a rule, too, the work is advertised as "light," though when the incumbent himself is there he invariably makes a tremendous fuss of it, and calls it heavy. Besides, if it is not heavy, why does he want a long holiday? One of the poorer brethren, however, seems to be in clover. He is offered the whole duty of an incumbent with a £400 a year living and a beautiful house, the emolument being one guinea per week, with "plain board." In these conditions, may his shadow never grow less!

BROMPTON AND PICCADILLY TUBE.

A Yorkshire Justice of the Peace writes confirming our statement as to the lax, haphazard, and inconsiderate way in which passengers are treated by conductors of trains and subordinate station officials on the Brompton and Piccadilly Tube. After all, however, the Brompton and Piccadilly is not the only underground railway where the conductor urges you to run to catch his train and then slams the gate in your face and laughs, or where the ticket collectors play about with other boys or engage in flirtatious conversation with giddy girls across the barriers, or where the lift attendant goes down or up when he feels equal to it, or where the booking office clerks play at catch-as-catch-can with the juvenile Hackenschmidts who purvey at the bookstalls literature to a craving multitude. The City and South London is well up in this sort of thing; but then all its chief officials seem to be infants.

"THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR."

Once more the walls of the Royal Academy are hung with the usual stock of paintings on canvas. From what we can make out, "the picture of the year" is Mr. J. C. Dollman's "The Unknown." It seems to be a representation of Maud Allen addressing an audience of gorillas in the howling wilderness. One of them is seen creeping up behind, and this is believed to be "The Unknown." Whether he is after stealing a kiss or her only skirt puzzles us exceedingly.

ANOTHER DISCOVERY.

This is an age of discovery, and the Rev. Charles Stirling, "formerly vicar of New Malden and Coombe," now domiciled in Weston-super-Mare, is one of the discoverers. He says the true cause of the Boer war, the railway strike, the coal strike, and other industrial trouble is due to the—Roman Catholic Emancipation Act! Is our rev. brother also the gentleman who has discovered that the cause of Goodwin Sands is Tenterden steeple?

MAIDENHEAD'S LATE COLLECTOR.

The Maidenhead Town Council, following the lead of the Finance Committee, have taken a merciful view of the defalcations of the ex-Borough Collector, a man named Russel. Having regard to all the facts, we are not prepared to blame them. Russel no doubt falsified the accounts and put the resultant cash, about £900, in his pocket, but he did it in such a way that the Auditor knew nothing of it, and the Finance Committee were similarly in ignorance. It might or might not have been discovered at the next audit. At any rate, before the audit came on, Russel made a clean breast of the state of affairs to his family, who paid the money into the bank, and then compelled him to resign. Mr. Walker, the Chairman, promptly called the Finance Committee together, refused to accept the resignation, and carried a motion dismissing Russel from the service of the Council. The Committee appear to have dealt with the affair in a prompt and open way, everything has been publicly discussed, and not a penny has been lost to the ratepayers. Prosecution might succeed in punishing the man with a few weeks' imprisonment, but that would hardly hurt him more than he is hurt already, while the real punishment would fall upon his family, who have already made great sacrifices to save their house from deeper shame.

ASHES TO ASHES.

"Do you notice that, for the first time in the history of the English Church, a bishop has been voluntarily cremated?" writes a correspondent. "That shows Dr. Stubbs's opinion of 'the Resurrection of the body.' How's he going to rise again now?" Really, our correspondent should understand that the doctrine of the Resurrection is not affected in one way or the other by anybody's cremation. Dr. Stubbs's voluntary cremation no more shows his opinion of "the Resurrection of the body" than it shows his opinion of the differential calculus or the nervous organisation of earwigs. The ultimate particles of a human body disintegrated by processes of decomposition in earth burial are not materially different from the remains in a crematorial urn; and in any case Nature is thrifty and careful. She may scatter and change everything, but she loses nothing. Granting the doctrine of Resurrection, it would apply just as much to the Bishop of Truro cremated as to the Bishop of Truro buried, and would be accomplished with no more difficulty.

"LET NO DOG BARK."

After Eastbourne, Llandudno. The local Council has decreed than anybody inciting a dog to bark on the beach will be liable to a fine of 40s. and costs. If the dog bark without being incited, it is understood the policeman will immediately run it in and have it shot, poisoned, or otherwise done away with for assembling to aggravate the ocean.

AN EXTRAORDINARY EXEMPTION.

We are not at all amazed to hear that the City of London hosiers have held a meeting to protest against the Exemption Order made under the new Shops Act by the Court of Common Council. Why should the hosiers be exempted, especially as they do not want exemption? This is shown by the fact that, with five dissentients only, the meeting petitioned the Council to order all the hosiers' shops in the City to close at 1.30 on Saturdays or Thursdays. There is not a class of working people in the "square mile" more entitled to a half-holiday. Their hours are long and their counter-work is tiring and incessant, while the physical and mental advantages to the hosiers themselves would be almost incalculable. But we should prefer to see it all done without an Act of Parliament.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 650.*

"Ferruginous" Wine.

The other day objection was taken to a chemist's licence for medicated wines, and in the course of the hearing it was contended by the magistrate that "if burgundy grown on certain soil could be sold as medicated wine because it derived a certain amount of iron from the soil where the fruit was grown, he did not see that the same conditions could not be applied to sherry, invalid port, and even champagne, because they would all stimulate a patient, and come under the same heading." It is many years since the Salford Public Analyst analysed samples of wine from grapes grown on ferruginous soil, and found that it contained less iron than wine made from grapes grown on ordinary soil—that, in fact, the "ferruginous" announcement was blarney; but it seems that even magistrates believe there is something in it.

Glasgae Fisheries.

A peck o' trouble is brewing in Scotland the noo in regard to the adoption of the new Burgh Police Amendment Act. From what was stated at a meeting of protest, it seems that this stupendously religious city sells 50,000 fried fish suppers after 10 o'clock at night, yet the Town Council proposes to suppress the whole nutritious orgie. The fifty thousand people will have to finish their fish and chips by 9.59 p.m., after which the Chief Constable is to preserve a strictly religious atmosphere, to be disturbed by neither fish, haggis, parritch, tea, coffee, cocoa, ginger-pop, ice-cream, nor anither dram. There is a rumour that next session the Lord Advocate intends to introduce a Bill compelling every Scotsman and Scotswoman to be in bed by 10 o'clock week-days and 9 Sundays. The measure is said to be heartily supported by the Kirk.

Tame Stag-Hunting.

A number of correspondents have thanked us for our frequent denunciation of tame stag-hunting; among them the Rev. J. Stratton, who saw the incident upon which we recently commented. In the present condition of Party affairs, there is little one can do in such matters except to denounce. The imperfect Spurious Sports Bill has long been before the House of Commons, but it gets no forrarder, and meanwhile the iniquitous cruelty of hunting carted deer is the "sport" of "ladies" and "gentlemen." A bullock, a sheep, or a lamb in comparison dies a merciful death.

Fit for a Duchess.

There is a large, gorgeous way about the Liverpool Select Vestry which will probably appeal to the ratepayers of that enlightened city. Not to put too fine a point on it, the Matron of the workhouse is apparently as select as the Vestry. At any rate, they have purchased for her a carpet costing 13s. a yard—£14 17s. 6d. in all. Is she a duchess? If so, the Select Vestry may as well harmonise the walls of her retiring room with the carpet. What about hanging them with Persian or Indian tapestries?

The Parish Pump.

With every apology for our belated inquiry, may we ask if Healeyfield has now conscientiously settled the question whether it shall mend its pump-handle or buy a new pump? Some weeks ago the Parish Council appointed the Chairman and Councillor Wilkinson, who said he had a practical knowledge of pumps, "to inspect the pump and have it repaired or, if necessary in their opinion, provide a new one." Being anxious that nobody in Healeyfield shall be driven to beer in lieu of water, perhaps somebody will tell us whether the crystal fount now flows as in the happy days of yore.

Heaven and Hell.

The clergy of Consett Church are jointly and severally responsible for the publication of a card entitled, "The Great Question: To be or not to be?" According to these rev. gentlemen, the great question is, "Am I a regular communicant?" one of the answers being "Yes, if I have been confirmed"; the other, "No, if I have never been confirmed"; if "yes," heaven; if "no," hell. And still they are probably asking why people don't go to church. People don't go because they have had enough of such theological humbug.

Reserved Compartments.

Somebody suggests that trains should be divided into compartments for people who smoke; people who don't; people with babies; people without; people who wear clean clothes; people who wear dirty ones; people who want votes for women; men who are willing to let 'em have theirs; people who are teetotal; people who have no objection to a drink; people who like the windows open; people who prefer 'em shut; people who worship Lloyd George; people who would lend a hand at hanging him; people who read John Bull; and people—if any—who don't. But wouldn't the last category but one bring all the rest together again?

Sunday in Wandle Park.

As there is no other park in or near Croydon which possesses a boating lake, Councillor Hesse bobbed up at the last Council meeting and proposed that "it be an instruction to the Roads Committee that no letting of boats shall in future take place on Sundays," and as boating is an innocent and a healthy enjoyment, and has been carried on in the park without annoyance to anyone, the Council have adopted the motion by 20 to 18. It is understood that Mr. Councillor Hesse will next propose the erection in the park of a marble statue to the Rev. Mr. Stiggins.

Pit Ponies.

Though the official Inspectors who come into being with the Mines Act in July will probably see only what they are allowed to see of the actual life of pit ponies, the moral effect may tend to improve their hard lot in the underground deeps of darkness. But, in fact, the public will never know what these poor beasts suffer. That must be left largely to imagination, based on shocking revelations of cruelty in the courts from time to time, and which represent only a hundredth part of those which are never exposed. The fact is, the employment of ponies in coal mines is not essential, and ought not to be permitted.

The Fight Against Consumption.

In view of the much-vaunted "fight against consumption," it would be interesting to know what becomes of the patients in the last stages of the disease, who, in its earlier development, are welcomed as paying guests at the different sanatoria. Death is an unwelcome intruder at these half-way houses of the doomed, and we understand that his advent there is rigidly guarded against.

Lecky on Party.

How very few public men look much beyond the interests of their party and the chances of an election. He must be a very sanguine man who can look across such a scene with much confidence in the future.—(From "Democracy and Liberty," Vol. 1.)

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 650.*

Parsons in Parliament.

We observe that the Bill to remove the disqualification of clergymen to sit upon municipal bodies has duly passed the Standing Committee, and we presume the next step will be to extend its provisions to the House of Commons, which already includes one or two Nonconformist ministers. The contributions of these rev. gentlemen, however, to practical statesmanship do not enthuse us over the prospect of reinforcing the House with numbers of their fully-licensed brethren.

An Enlightening Return.

After much negotiation we have succeeded in obtaining the consent of the Board of Trade and of the House to the following Return :—

> Names of British vessels holding a Board of Trade passenger certificate, and showing in each case the authorised number of passengers and crew, the number of lifeboats under davits, and other boats or liferafts, with their carrying capacity.

The figures should be illuminating.

Another Board of Trade Scandal.

The evidence given at the recent Inquiry regarding the loss of the P. and O. boat *Oceana* discloses a state of things even worse than that which prevailed on board the *Titanic*. Within twelve hours of the vessel leaving London, where her boats had been, or should have been, examined by the Board of Trade surveyor, she got into collision, owing, as the Court stated, to nobody exercising proper control of her. The first boat capsized through the lowering gear being out of order, with the result that 18 people were drowned; the second leaked so badly that the occupants were sitting up to their knees in water and had to bale it out with their boots, in the absence of proper implements, while the third—the boat supposed to be kept ready for instant lowering in case of accident—was in such a state that it was deemed impossible to use it, even for picking up the drowning people! Again we ask, Who shall Hang?

PRUDENTIAL "BIZ" AT A GLANCE.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

["Taking the Biscuit" has become a classic phrase, expressive of a satirical reward or recognition. In this column we present, in all good humour, the token to such of our contemporaries and others as may have distinguished themselves by some unconventional utterance or act.]

For stating, in its account of a local matinée performance; that: "There was a large attendance, but what is still more gratifying, considerably more tickets were PURCHASED *than were* SOLD,"

THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX INDEPENDENT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that: "'*SILENCERS*' have also been fitted to the Wolseley and other engines, so that the airships can slip far more* NOISILY *than heretofore within an enemy's lines,"*

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in a recent speech (according to "Home") that: "I am not one for making many notes, but I have been burning the midnight oil with a view to ARRANGING *this* EXTEMPORE *speech for to-night,"*

Mr. J. J. GREEN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in its description of the "Nobodies' Club," that: "Padded armchairs and luxurious lounges will not be held at as high a premium as the friendly WORD *and the merry* HUM *of many* SILENT *folks—silent for want of a friendly ear—*ALL SPEAKING AT ONCE,"

THE DAILY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating (according to the "Irish Independent") in a recent speech that: "Once we have got this measure (Home Rule) it is for you and I to have such a party formed in Ireland that we may take the machinery in our hands, and making the road LEVEL, *go forward* UPHILL *to meet the new horizon,"*

Mr. J. LARKIN (of Dublin)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in reporting the flight by Lieutenant Gregory, that he "flew seventy minutes in the Short biplane S 38, fitted with floats, BUT NOT CAPABLE OF RISING FROM THE WATER, *and passed right* OVER *the royal yacht at an altitude of fully* 1,500 *feet,"*

THE DAILY MIRROR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "Boots should be 'treed up' while warm from the TEETH,"

THE STATESMAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For asserting the common use of towels, etc., amongst children to be the cause of many outbreaks of diphtheria, and stating that, "In this way many UNACCOUNTABLE *outbreaks of diphtheria may be* ACCOUNTED *for,"*

THE CHURCH FAMILY NEWSPAPER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting the Aberdeen Fiscal (Mr. Robert Lamb) as stating that the reason the Act of Parliament laid it down that a publican was not to sell a bottle of liquor to any person under 14 years of age, unless it was both corked and sealed, "was, of course, that children should not by any means GET INTO THE BOTTLE,"

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"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 650.*

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In phrase after phrase, here biting in like vitriol and there stinging like nettles, now compelling ringing laughter and now drawing from his audience responsive murmurs of sympathy or distress, he spoke out his mind to the end of his impressive peroration with its theme of "Wanted, a Man!" the last words unheard in the final thundering booms of applause. From first to last, it was a reception to hearten and to cheer, in the dark hours of his strain and stress, the preacher and the prophet of the forces of the New Day.

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There was no excitement, no noise save an occasional outburst of applause. These men and women had gathered themselves from all parts of the country to listen quietly to the little, thick-set man on the platform—himself as calm and unexcited as the people who were listening to to him.

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Than live on the dole that charity yields,
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Shame on you, men of our nation,
For this is their final reward:
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BEHIND THE VEIL OF LONDON LIFE—V.

THE LIFE STORIES OF TWO MAGDALENS.

By Our Special Commissioner.

[This week we continue what is proving to be a startling series of articles by Our Special Commissioner, giving the result of an extensive investigation, upon which he has been engaged for some time past, into the hidden life of London—the Modern Babylon. We shall do our utmost to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of the most fastidious reader, but the story we have to tell is a solemn and momentous one, and will, we trust, be of inestimable service to the community.]

Last week I left off at a point where a friend and I were speeding away from a Bohemian supper room with two girls in a taxi.

Passing the brilliantly lighted Piccadilly Circus, my friend obviously tried to hide himself from the public gaze. This brought a hearty laugh from one of the girls, who exclaimed "Don't be afraid—your wife is not likely to be in Piccadilly Circus at this time of the morning." Before we had reached the top of Regent Street my friend's conscience again pricked him, and he wished to alight. "You must see this business out," I whispered. The next moment the taxi drew up at a block of fashionable flats, I paid the fare, and we followed the girls into the porch. We next stepped into a lift, and the attendant set us down on the third floor. A short walk along a well-carpeted corridor brought us to the door of one of the girls' apartments; she touched an electric bell, and it was immediately opened by a maid. We entered, and were shown into a well-furnished sitting-room. The preliminary conversation here was for a moment purely of a business character, and so dreadfully realistic of a horrible traffic in flesh and blood that it cannot be repeated.

Noticing that my friend looked faint, I asked one of the girls if she could get us a bottle of wine. "Of course, if you like to pay for it," she said. On my naturally assenting, she touched a bell, the maid entered, and I gave her the required sum—30s. The girls now took off their cloaks and ornaments, and we settled ourselves in easy chairs. After a glass of the sparkling beverage, I thought it desirable to broach the real object of our visit.

Now it is not easy to gain the confidence of a Magdalen, and I knew I had a very delicate task to perform. "Here's your good health," I said. I continued, "Look here, we have accompanied you home in order to hear from your own lips how you came to adopt this mode of life." They were by no means pleased by what I said—although I had already assured them that they should not suffer financially by our unorthodox behaviour. They demanded to know who and what we were. I deemed it advisable to be frank, and handed my card, at the same time assuring them that in no circumstances should either their names or their place of abode be divulged. We had another bottle of wine, a ten-pound note changed hands, and then we settled down to our cigars and cigarettes and a most animated chat, which lasted until close upon 4 a.m. I can only give a portion of it this week; the remainder shall be told in a future issue.

Why I'm a Magdalen.—I.

The first girl who gave her story was Irish by birth. She was a good-looking brunette, with blue eyes, a deep, natural rose tinge in her dimpled cheeks, ivory teeth, and a plump and dignified figure. In appearance and manner, also, when she chose, she would have passed easily for a lady. Her age was certainly not more than three-and-twenty. When a girl of 16, she served behind the counter of a drapery establishment in a small shop in Ireland. Tiring of the quiet life, she persuaded her parents to allow her to take a similar situation in London. She was 19 when she arrived in the Modern Babylon, and took up a position in a well-known Oxford Street establishment. For a couple of years her conduct was exemplary, and she rose to be one of the leading saleswomen. Then Mephisto came across her path. He was a person of means, and professed ardent love. After business hours he took her to theatres and suppers. On these occasions, however, special permits from the firm had to be obtained, because it was a hard-and-fast rule that all their employées were to be indoors by 11 o'clock. Mephisto she loved, and he promised her marriage. One fatal night, after they had been out to the theatre together, he whispered poison in her ear. I need not recall the story of the girl's resistance; suffice it to say that the stronger will prevailed, and that she never returned to business. For three months she lived with her betrayer—then he suddenly left her. She sought for him high and low for weeks afterwards, and eventually located him at the residence of his father, a well-to-do man in the City. As her letters were ignored, she called at the address and pushed her way into the house. Brought to bay, her late lover swore in the presence of his father that her story was false. A constable was called to take her in charge. Before he arrived on the scene, however, the spirited girl had determined that if she was to be charged, she would drag her betrayer with her.

As the constable entered the house a shot rang out sharp and clear, and the scoundrel who had worked the ruin of the girl dropped on his father's floor, badly wounded. It took him three months to recover. Of course, she was arrested and charged; remanded and brought up again, and eventually received a short term of imprisonment. The injustice that she had received, first at the hands of the man and then at those of the law, drove iron into her soul. At times, even now, although she has the face of an angel, she resembles a mad woman, and is more than a match for two ordinary men.

Why I'm a Magdalen.—II.

The second girl, during the telling of the above story, had been smoking a cigarette, and gazing with astonishment at the companion who made confidants of two absolute strangers. She could not understand it, even though she had shared the fee. After a good deal of persuasion, however, I managed to elicit from her the following narrative. It was extracted, however, only by means of questioning—a full and free story such as the other girl had given it was impossible to obtain.

Now 26, she was a native of Budapest, of very fair complexion, with a mass of golden hair. Without a doubt, I think she was the most mercenary girl I ever came across. Before she would answer my questions she insisted on another bottle of wine. Then she demanded that we should give a sovereign to the maid who poured it out. In her we had the very opposite to her companion. The former might with proper treatment have turned out a model wife and mother; this girl, however, was the very epitome of vice. Without the slightest sign of shame, she confessed that her mother was not only a demi-monde, but that she ran an establishment for such in Hungary. This maternal model had three daughters, the father being a certain count (so she said), and they were all earning their livelihood as she was doing. She affirmed, with all possible candour, that she "could see nothing wrong in it." She had been in prison, too. She confessed this without any questioning—indeed, she seemed proud of it. She had robbed a man who had accompanied her home of his watch and chain, and also all the money in his possession. "Bah," she said, "what are men for but to rob?" "Suppose you ever have a daughter of your own," I asked, "would you allow her to lead this class of life?" I confess I am almost too ashamed to record her answer. It was "Yes, but I'd see she paid me well beforehand for her keep and training."

Next week I shall deal with that portion of these girls' stories which relates to income and expenditure. The latter item will include a reference to flats and flat-owners.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 650.*

ORTHODOX AND UNORTHODOX.

BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION'S LATEST MOVE.

Acting under pressure of that trade union of doctors, the British Medical Association, the Home Secretary has undertaken to appoint a Select Committee to inquire into the sale of patent medicines and foods. It is an open secret that the object of the medical fraternity is to eliminate competition and to force the public into their consulting-rooms and surgeries to be doctored at their own prices, and on their own conditions. They regard a lightning cough cure at 10½d. a bottle as a menace to their brass nameplates, and liver pills at 1s. 1½d. a box as an outrage on their red lamps. "Brainine" pellets turn them white with wrath, and Smith's Hair Restorer, Brown's Porous Plasters, Jones's Corn Cure, and Robinson's Baby Food make them yellow with bile. They have analysed the formulæ of all the medicinal delights of a clamorous and a grateful populace, yet they demand that the formulæ shall be printed on the box or the bottle or the wrapper. Obviously, this would reveal no mysteries to the medical men; it would make the public none the wiser; and the only effect would be to cripple huge businesses built up at tremendous cost, and enable rivals to steal the product of other people's capital, enterprise, and ingenuity.

Patent medicines and patent foods live only by virtue of their success with the public which buys them; the specific directions on the bottle are more legible than the handwriting which decorates the average doctor's label, and in cases where special care is needed special warning is given. The community have no grievance against patent medicines. It is evident that on the whole they have benefited by them. In many instances the doctors themselves utilise the same formulæ as that on which these medicines are compounded, but charge four or five times as much for them. In the United Kingdom alone not fewer than fifty million proprietary medicines are sold every year. With all this vast physicing by undisclosed formulæ, only two deaths have been known to occur as a result of it. Over two thousand people died as a result of poisoning in the period 1908-1909. Not a single death was due to taking patent medicines.

The doctors have no such record. Almost every week the papers are eloquent of their bungling and their ignorance. Everybody grown to manhood is familiar with some case or other where patients have been wrongly diagnosed and wrongly treated by doctors, at all but ruinous expense, for week after week and month after month, to be eventually cured by a patent medicine, or a "quack." One person with whose case we are familiar, was treated for a "growth" by general practitioners for about a year, was then handed over to West-end consultants of high repute, recommended by them to immediate operation, and warned that unless he followed their advice he would probably not live for more than six months. As he was 68, the operation would in all probability have killed him anyhow, so he decided to await the event. Chance brought him to a meeting with a Swedish homœopathist and masseuse, who pronounced the "growth" a swollen gland; and at upwards of 70 the doomed patient is as lively as a cricket. A large proportion of the doctors who light the red lamp and practise on the public know as little of human diseases as the vociferous medicine man who carries his cure-alls in an old portmanteau and shouts them at the multitude in the market place. They are incompetent experimentalists in physic. They are taken on trust as the patent medicine is taken on trust, with the difference that if the patent medicine is all wrong it can be found out more quickly and at less expense.

Do the doctors reveal their formulæ? When their patients are sent to a chemist with a cryptic prescription in cat-Latin, how many of them know that they are going to be dosed with arsenic, strychnine, and other poisons which, if the doctors have made a mistake, may cure their ailment, but kill them? In these days, the formulæ of patent medicines are compounded by chemists at least as well qualified as those who dispense the undisclosed formulæ of medical practitioners, and any legislative action which would harass, obstruct or prohibit their sale would not only be a grave injustice to them, but a wholly unwarrantable interference with the right of the public to doctor itself as it pleases.

"A PAROCHIAL POTENTATE'S PONY."

WHITEWASHING THE WORKHOUSE MASTER.

Following up our criticism of the St. Pancras Workhouse Master, Mr. Bottomley, in the House of Commons on the 8th inst., asked the President of the Local Government Board whether he was aware that the Master of that institution over a year ago converted a store on the workhouse premises into a stable for the accommodation of his pony and trap; that the cost of this conversion was about £100, which sum had fallen upon the ratepayers; *whether the workhouse ambulance had for some considerable time been kept at Kentish Town, on the ground that there was no accommodation for it on the workhouse premises*; whether the inmates of the workhouse had been employed to attend to the horse and vehicle; whether the only authorisation the Master received at the time was that of four Guardians, given to him privately, and one of whom supplied forage for the pony; whether the Guardians have now passed a resolution authorising the Master to continue to keep the pony and trap on the workhouse premises, and whether he intended to take any step in regard to the matter.

The italics are ours, and it is to this particular portion of the question that we wish to draw attention. Now note the reply of Mr. Burns, and see how he avoids the most vital part of the inquiry.

"I am informed that in October, 1911, the Master of the St. Pancras Workhouse, who was suffering from an affection of the knee which made it difficult for him to get about, obtained a pony and trap after previously mentioning his intention to four members of the Visiting Committee, who were inspecting the establishment. The pony and trap is, I understand, kept in a small portion of the old coach-house at the workhouse, the greater portion of which has for the last nine or ten years been used as a store. The total cost of the slight alterations required was, it is stated, only a few pounds, and the Master provided the manger, etc., at his own expense. Some service is rendered by one of the inmates in looking after the pony and trap. I am informed that it is not a fact that one of the Guardians to whom the matter was mentioned by the Master has at any time supplied forage for the pony. The Guardians, having considered the matter, have unanimously recommended that the Master be allowed to keep the pony as hitherto at his own expense. I do not think any action on my part is necessary."

What a lucky workhouse master, to be sure, to be able to get first the Guardians and then the President of the Local Government Board to whitewash him!

Mr. Burns was not too proud to disguise himself and stand in a line with the outcasts on the Embankment in order to get information first-hand with reference to the free distribution of soup by the Salvation Army, and following the worthy Minister's example, our representative has spent a few nights in the St. Pancras Workhouse. Details in due course.

ANOTHER FEE-SNATCHING FIRM.

AGAIN, WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

A few days ago an advertisement appeared for a canvasser. Those who made application for the "vacancy" received the following notice:—

> THE SAMPLE CLEARING CO. have commissioned us to place a limited number of men in every town to distribute their samples, etc. Rate of pay, 5s. per 1,000 for delivery at specified addresses, 2s. 6d. per 1,000 house-to-house delivery.
>
> Our commission for securing this work to you is one shilling, which we guarantee to return if the company does not give you their work to do.
>
> Stamped addressed envelope must accompany all communications.
>
> Awaiting the favour of your reply,
>
> S. A. ESMOND, *Manager*.

On making inquiries at 359, Walworth Road, we found that the "firm" had flown. We repeat our advice, given on numerous occasions—Never pay fees in advance.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 650.*

BEWARE OF THE "PRUDENTIAL."

PUBLIC CONSTERNATION AT OUR REVELATIONS—QUESTION IN PARLIAMENT.

The criticism of the Prudential Balance Sheet which appeared in our last issue has caused widespread consternation, and we are inundated with letters from policy-holders and others—the gist of many of which we will endeavour to give in subsequent issues. We are delighted to learn that so many people are getting back their premiums as the result of our exposure of the fraudulent and illegal character of the policies they hold. Almost every post brings us a grateful letter of thanks from someone who has thus rescued money improperly obtained from him by the Prudential Company.

Last week, Mr. Bottomley addressed the following question to the President of the Board of Trade :—" Whether he was aware that the last published accounts of the Prudential Assurance Company (Limited) showed that in its Industrial branch, out of 1,397,675 policies which lapsed during the year 1911 only 140,617 received any benefit, and these to the extent only of one-third of the amounts of premiums paid in ; whether he would take steps to ascertain the sum received and retained by the Company in respect of the balance of 1,257,058 forfeited policies ; and whether he would consider the desirability of introducing legislation to compel industrial assurance companies to disclose in their Accounts the amounts received by them in respect of lapses, with a view to the same being either handed over to the Public Trustee or specially taxed for the benefit of the poor."

The following was Mr. Buxton's answer :—" The Returns filed by the Prudential Assurance Company (Limited) show that the number of paid-up policies granted by the Company in the Industrial branch during 1911 to policy-holders who desired to discontinue their payments was 140,617, and that the total number of policies in respect of which payments ceased during the year was 1,538,292. I have no information as to the extent of the benefits obtained by the persons who received paid-up policies. It would not be practicable to obtain particulars as to the amounts received by a company in respect of lapsed policies, as this information is not required by the Assurance Companies Act, 1909. As at present advised, I do not propose to introduce legislation to modify the requirements of that Act."

Mr. Bottomley thereupon enquired : —"Will the right hon. gentleman explain what he means when he says ' at present advised '—advised by whom ? " to which came the reply : " By myself "!

We think our readers will agree that Mr. Buxton should consult some more impartial authority. Great indignation was expressed by Members of the House—especially upon the Labour benches—at the indifference of the Government towards the scandalous state of things revealed by the above figures, and we quite expect to see a Bill introduced at an early date to compel the Prudential and other offices to disclose and disgorge their ill-gotten gains by lapsed policies.

Meanwhile, we observe with disgust that the Prudential is endeavouring to make capital out of the *Titanic* disaster, by circularising the Press as to the number of victims who held its policies and the amount paid out upon them. It would be more interesting to know the amount received in respect of them, and also how many families of the victims got nothing at all through their policies having been forfeited.

THE NEW WOOLWICH DOCK.

A correspondent tells us that during this summer King George will go to North Woolwich to perform the ceremony of digging the first sod of what is to be the new south dock. What was originally a mud shoot is the spot selected, and this has been wonderfully transformed. He will then inspect the new pumping station built near the dock head. Before arriving there, His Majesty's carriage would have had to pass one of those undrained wooden structures, commonly called " latrines." It has been removed, only for the time. In its place will be put—(well, we must wait and see)—possibly a banner inscribed " The Port Authority Welcomes the King "!

THE POET AND THE PEER.

A FABLE ABOUT ENGLISH OPERA.

By Ricardo.

I.—The Poor Poet.

Flavius Thompson is a poor poet. Let it be understood that his poverty is of the purse, not of his Muse.

He has not yet mastered the fact that there is no market for poetry nowadays—no market, that is, for the poor man's poetry. Believing in himself and his work, he still goes on writing verses, instead of buying a broom and adopting the more paying profession of crossing-sweeper.

His latest effort, and perhaps his best, was a romantic and poetic libretto for an opera. He had dreams of a grand native English opera in the future, and he wanted to be the genius to provide the words.

When his libretto was complete, he sent it to the foremost of our English composers. That gentleman, after some weeks, returned it, not having read a word of it, regretting that he was so occupied in fulfilling contracts that he could not undertake to compose the music.

After that the " book " went regularly to sundry other composers, and as regularly returned to Flavius. Nobody seemed to want the thing. Finally one musician, more honest than the rest, told the poet that it was hopeless to think of getting the work set to music until it had been approved by an impresario who would provisionally contract to produce it.

Flavius saw the soundness of this tip, and the libretto went the round of the managers who stage grand opera. There are not many of them, and very soon the manuscript had made its last journey, rejected, declined, refused, returned with ignominy. Flavius has hidden it in a corner of his desk and weeps, for he knows his work is good.

But, he being a poor man with no influence and no backing, his libretto is valueless and a mockery.

There are many in London like unto Flavius Thompson.

II.—The Rich Peer.

His lordship of Poof is a peer of the realm, perhaps a duke, perhaps only a baron. But he thinks he is a poet, and he has written the libretto of a grand opera.

Being wealthy as well as noble, he has laid his precious product before a competent musician and paid him much gold to write operatic music thereunto. The musician, being a man of the world, has not shied at the libretto.

The grand opera being complete, Lord Poof has carried his precious libretto and his purchased melodies to an impresario, Mr. Manager, and suggested a production during the season, prophesying it will draw all London.

" Yes," says Mr. Manager, " that is what I wish to do—to draw all London. If your lordship will part up a large sum towards expenses, and will also go round and get your friends to subscribe for boxes and stalls, and let me put your lordship's name on my subscription list, why then, if the money rolls in, your lordship's opera shall be produced."

And so Lord Poof's opera is duly presented to the British public.

There are several Lord Poofs in London.

COCOA SLAVERY.

MESSRS. CADBURY'S REPLY.

We have received a reply from Messrs. Cadbury to the question we recently asked as to whether they were still buying slave-grown cocoa from San Thomé. " In answer to an inquiry that appears in your issue of May 4th, we send you a copy of a letter published in the *African Mail* of February 16th, 1912, which is a reply." The letter to the *African Mail* states that the firm have bought no such cocoa " for some years." Messrs. Cadbury also send us a list of exports of this cocoa from Lisbon during the years 1910 and 1911. The total value shipped was about £1,500,000 in each year, and the proportions imported by various countries were : Germany—1910, 40.7 ; 1911, 40.6. U.S.A.—1910, 21.1 ; 1911, 20.2. Holland—1910, 14.4 ; 1911, 19.2. Belgium—1910, 10.2 ; 1911, 7.5. Great Britain—1910, 4.2 ; 1911, 4.0. Italy—1910, 4.0 ; 1911, 4.1. Other countries—1910, 5.4 ; 1911, 4.4. Total, 100.0. We are much obliged to Messrs. Cadbury for their courtesy, and we gladly give publicity to the facts.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 650.

LETTERS FROM JANE ANN.

[Being communications from a young person to her friends and relations.]

By Moore Anking.

Ipurroo House,
Ballyfyne.

My Own Gentle Bertram,—See where I am, now, bosom's own? Don't seem to get nothing but changes, do I, honeysweet? P'raps I should have been a lawndry-basket 'stead of a human person, only for the warp I got in the bend. Nacheral history's very funny that way. You only got to look at Clara Parkins, else visit a mew-seeum and inspect the Miss Deals to prove every word I've said.

Talk about persons having their unlucky plannits, angel one. Straight, I reckon ours must be simply pewtrid. Whoever is to blame in the bisniss ought to be well slapped across the neck. There don't seem to be any joke in having to keep a self-denial week going all the year round, anyway, not in these tr——truncated deckorations.

Our cook says everybody's been on earth before, only in a different form. So p'raps we're both getting punished now, darling, for something that happened when we were here last time. Cook belongs to the latter-end saints, so of course she reckons to understand these things. Between ourselves, dear, she's farther from her latter end now than ever she's been, but she don't seem to reelise it. She would if she could follow herself upstairs.

Speaking as I might if we were quite alone, perfect one, I seem to go nearly dotty at times when I refleckt on our fewcher state. You sitting one side of the fire-place, smoking the lodger's bird's-eye and picking a last year's winner for next week's race. And me, stitching dimities for a Certain Event, else reading how the Duke of Dum-Dum threw his forchune (in coppers) at the feet of the girl in the tea-shop, 'stead of paying at the counter. Then, of course, when you'd found your winner, we could sit and hold hands and——oh dear, I do think waiting's a weary job.

It's all very well people saying that minding other folks' babies is good training. P'raps it is and p'raps it isn't. What I say is nothing's properly learned unless a person starts at the beginning, so you see my meaning, heart's treasure.

Like to know who's been saying I've eloped with Jim Crow. Mrs. Parkins p'raps, or Clara very likely. I can see Cerruefuss Jacobs getting busy after his holiday if some people are not very careful.

What started it, p'raps, was my being intradooced to the person, and what happened then was, he said, Do you allityrate? Do you perswade the peckant phrase or do you compel the certain con-kord?

I replied that I did have some trouble of the sort, years ago, before mother took me to the hospital. But when he said p'raps they removed the ap-pen-dix I told him it would be a mercy if someone would remove his front-is-peace, re-vise his title-page and hang a fresh dial over his clock. Told him too that I wasn't partial to wobbling to Woking for week-ends, but if he was pining for a partner I wouldn't mind chalking him one out on a board, and would he consider the inci-dent closed, our family not having any opening for per-ambulating pimples of the pen-driving profesh. Last I heard was he'd got lost in the Dog-watch, wherever that is. So you see how it is, rose of youth, I 'xpect somebody wants to de-prive us of the thirty shillings I should get under the Act.

Think I told you about the girl that left to marry a soldier when the family was in Scotland. Well, her and her john's ridgment are lodging not far from here, so she's been to see me. And, Oh Bert, she's got *two* and says she never knows one day from another. When she got cackling about her john being a pi-oneer, I said So it seems. She thought it over for a minnit and then she went off quite huffy. Don't know why, I'm sure.

Oh dear, I just been to look at the time-peace, and both hands are pointing to the bottom of the collum. So I reelly must con-clude now, pet, with affeckshun as before.

x x x x Yours in Love's i-dollatry, x x

Jane Ann.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CXCIV.

[In this column, every week, we publish particulars of some human derelict whose case, after full investigation, we are able to recommend to the charity of our readers. We are happy to say that in this way we have already been the means of bringing comfort into many a wretched home. All amounts subscribed are duly acknowledged, and no deduction of any kind is made by us.]

PITIABLE PLIGHT OF A WIDOW AND FIVE CHILDREN.

For a real uphill battle against the workhouse and separation from her children, we think the following case would be hard to beat. The woman's circumstances were first of all brought to our notice by a lady living in the East of London. She writes:—

Mrs. —— is a widow with five children, the eldest being 17 years old. She has only been a widow 12 months, but what a struggle she has had! On the death of her husband she took a little business, but failed to make it pay. Since then she has been compelled to remove four times, each time being harassed by the bailiffs.

Her main employment since keeping the shop has been scrubbing floors in an infirmary. This, however, she had to leave on account of ill-health. The eldest child is in service, earning a few shillings a week, out of which she allows her mother two. The next child is a boy 15. He is out of work, and has to remain indoors because he is without clothes. The third—a girl of 14—has had three days' work, when she was told to remain away on account of being untidy in her dress.

The other two children, aged 11 and 3, have to attend school. The poor mother, as a last resource, wheels a barrel organ, and last Saturday she walked from Stratford to Clerkenwell with the child of three in her arms, and left the boy of 11 in charge of the organ. After putting the baby to bed she again walked back to Stratford to find her boy and the organ, and eventually arrived home with the child and her hired music at midnight. Total earnings for the day, 3s. 7d. When she laid her head to rest on Sunday morning it was to work out the problem how to pay the landlord 6s. out of 3s. 7d.

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

CXC.—E. B. (Holloway), 10s.
CXCI.—G. A. G., 1s.; "Anonymous," 6d.; R. C., 1s.
CXCII.—"Rahdol," 6d.; C. H. P., 1s.; "Polie," 2s. 6d.
CXCIII.—"Nugget," 2s. 6d.

THE MORMON MENACE.

THE SUNDERLAND CAMPAIGN.

We have pointed out from time to time the danger of allowing these pests to range the country, preying on our womanhood and girlhood. The Home Secretary refuses to stir in the matter, but what he declines to do is likely to be done in the long run by city councils, as protection for their cities' good name. For example, at a meeting of the Sunderland Education Committee, Colonel Challoner asked if the members were aware that girls in the schools had been approached by Mormons. He said that missionaries of the Mormon fraternity, under the guise of propagating religious doctrines, were actively working among school-girls, with the object of sending them to America. In one case which had come to his knowledge a girl had actually gone through a form of marriage with one of those men, on his giving a promise not to marry anyone else. We would advise Colonel Challoner and his colleagues to get to work with a good stout riding crop. So hot has Sunderland become for the Mormons that they are endeavouring to transfer their headquarters in the North of England from there to Blyth-by-Sea. But in spite of their blandishments Blyth refuses to have anything to do with them. The Mormons have a school there and carry on propaganda, but any attempt to increase their following is met with a heavy hand. A recent campaign resulted in two of the Elders being chased out of the town by a mob.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 650.

THINGS THAT MATTER.

BEING THE STORY OF AN AGITATOR.

By Norman Tiptaft.

[*A Plea for Co-operation between the Middle and the Working Classes.*]

This, my dear man in the street, is the story of something that happened a very long time ago. So long ago is it since it happened that men have almost forgotten it, while those who remember it at all remember it as something entirely different from what it was. Yet it is written in a Book, a Book that has the biggest circulation in the world, that has been translated into nearly every language, that is known wherever men gather themselves together. The language of the Book is very simple, so that even the children can understand it, and indeed many of them do, but so foolish are the older people that instead of trying to understand it for themselves they have turned it over to a select few whom they pay much money to explain it—as it was never meant to be explained.

This is the story. A man and woman of the lower classes decided to get married—and they did so. To them was born a Child who received such a bringing up as that period of the world's history and their humble station in life required. It was not quite the same bringing up as He would have had to-day, because there was no free education and no one to take much notice of children born to the working classes, but His father and mother, being decent, steady people, did the best for Him that they could. Being poor, He had few luxuries, and He had to work at His father's trade—which was that of a carpenter—fairly hard to make a living. Brought up, then, among working men—and the lot of the workers in those days being in many respects harder than it is to-day—it is not surprising that His sympathies were mainly with His own class. While in that respect He had much in common with the other workers of His time, in one thing He was different—He was bold enough or foolish enough to say in public what He thought of the ruling classes of the day.

He was, in fact, an agitator of a most pronounced type. I don't know whether He would have been called then the equivalent to a Socialist or a Syndicalist or an Anarchist—I fancy the latter—but one of them He certainly was. He was insistent on setting class against class, and His most bitter denunciations were reserved for the rich. He appeared to be obsessed with the idea that there was enough in the world for all, and that the hunger and want of the poor were not caused by there being any insufficiency, but by a certain few having far more than their share.

As in those days the whole machinery of government was in the hands of these few people He was denouncing, and as their punishments for those who quarrelled with them were much more drastic than ours to-day, it is obvious He exposed Himself to far greater danger than our modern Labour leaders.

He appeared, however, quite heedless of that fact, and went on with His propaganda until such time as the authorities thought fit to stop Him.

These persons in authority were, as I have already stated, drawn from a select few, although, curiously enough, that few comprised nearly all the officers of the established church of His day. It was, in fact, largely on the advice of the Bishops and Archbishops—or their ancient equivalents—that the authorities decided to act at all.

In order to stop any possibility of riots they took the usual step of calling out soldiers—there were not, I believe, any police then existing—and knowing His favourite resort they had no difficulty in taking Him into custody. Once secured, they decided the only sound policy would be to kill Him, though it would, of course, be necessary to hold a trial first. Here, certain difficulties presented themselves, but they were soon overcome by a little judicious bribery, and witnesses were procured who were willing to swear that the Prisoner was guilty of blasphemy and sedition. The common people who had, when He first began His propaganda, been inclined to listen to Him favourably, were easily turned by the astute rulers the other way round—especially when they heard He had attacked their religion. (Their religion, by the way, didn't make any difference to them, because they hadn't the faintest idea of what it consisted—they, too, had turned its mysteries over to the select few—only their rulers had told them it was theirs, so they naturally thought it was). The common people, then, having been manipulated into agreement, no other objection was raised to the Agitator's execution, and He was duly done to death, after the manner of those days, by crucifixion.

That, then, is the story. A Man of the common people agitated against the superior classes, was crushed by those superior classes, and finally murdered. There is nothing unusual about it—it has happened several times in the world's history—will probably happen again. All I want you to notice is that this Man *was an agitator—also an infidel according to the religious people of his day.*

* * * * * *

To-day there is great heart-aching among the rich and powerful of the land. The cause is certain wicked agitators—men who go up and down the country denouncing the rich and saying they are sucking the life blood of the poor, calling on the poor to rise, if it be possible, and save themselves. These agitators are men drawn mainly from the working classes, men who have known what manual labour is, who have lived among the poor and shared their poverty. The gospel that they proclaim is much the same as the gospel of the Agitator who was crucified a long time ago. A gospel of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, taking care of the children. Crucifixion as a means of punishment has been abandoned in favour of death from starvation, death from lead poisoning, death from accidents in the various industrial processes, death from preventable consumption, and from these some of the agitators have died. These deaths, though, have not, as in the case of crucifixion, been kept for the agitators only, but have been distributed generously among those on whose behalf they have agitated.

To prove further how history repeats itself it is only necessary to add that to-day the officials of the orthodox church are mainly on the side of the rulers, and among the loudest in their denunciation of the agitators have been those who correspond to the ancient Pharisees and Scribes.

* * * * * *

Truly an old story, O man in the street!—one you have heard often before—though I wonder if it ever struck you in quite the same way. Listen a moment or so longer and hear the sequel to an Agitator's death.

* * * * * *

Little care men for the virtues of the living, but to the dead they raise monuments and invite hymns of praise. Every Sunday there goes to magnificent buildings called cathedrals, to other lesser buildings called churches and chapels, a vast multitude.

They are in the main well fed, well clad and comfortable, for in proportion to the whole of the population the largest numbers by far of worshippers are of the middle and upper classes. It is the correct thing to do to go to church. Being the correct thing to do—they do it.

Many of the churches are very beautiful, the services very impressive, the singing fine, the melody of the organ—grand. It is quite an experience worth having to go to church, particularly to the Roman Catholic or the English High Church. Everything is done on such a magnificent scale. No expense is spared, there is nothing mean about Divine Service. From the robe of the presiding priest to the size of the candles that burn on the altar—all is designed to impress the beholder—all gives the idea of wealth and power—of the great ones and the great things of the world. *All of it* (noble buildings, magnificent organs, robed priests) *—all of it is to do reverence to the Agitator whom years ago these same people crucified.*

The well fed, the comfortable, the rich forget as they denounce the agitators of to-day that their worship is of an Agitator of old—a Man who died that the common people might live.

* * * * * *

Ye great ones—ye have despised a live coalminer to-day—yet is your worship of a Carpenter whom ye murdered long ago.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO NEWSAGENTS.

We have decided to offer a number of valuable cash prizes in a Newsagents' Competition, commencing June 1st and open to the Trade only. All Newsagents and Bookstall employés should apply at once for particulars. Address The Publisher, John Bull, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 650.*

'Sir Joseph Lyons and Myself, Ltd.'

How Sir Joseph Lyons can help you to succeed

Sir Joseph Lyons, Bt.

OF all the romantic careers of our famous Business men, few can compare with that of the subject of our cartoon. Starting life in the precarious career of an artist, he has achieved fame as the revolutioniser of modern catering. All over the great metropolis, all over the provincial cities, you will find the depots of the great firm which he has created. And he is yet in the prime of his life, with doubtless many conquests still before him.

Now, if this great business man were to come to you and offer to help you in your struggle to success, would you lightly cast his assistance aside? I think not. Would you not recognise in it the opportunity of a lifetime? For what he does not know about business is truly not worth knowing. For his progress has been due to one thing and one thing only, to his business knowledge, the knowledge that tells one when to buy and how to sell, when to lay down new plant and when to retrench, that shows the way out of difficulties and the best means of seizing opportunities.

What would it mean to you?

What would it not mean to you if you could have such a man with you every day in your work to help you in *your* difficulties, to show you the way to seize *your* opportunities? You must realise that it might mean just the difference between just the mediocre measure of success that attends most hard-working men and the *real* success that comes to the few. Only a few days ago Andrew Carnegie, the great millionaire, told a reporter that "merely doing your duty is not sufficient. You must work with your head, and in addition to obeying orders *work out projects of your own.*"

Now, how are you to lay those projects, if you have no past experience to help you or no substitute for it, such as you would have if only you could have a man like Lyons for your partner?

How can you have Sir Joseph Lyons?

Do you know that you *can* have Lyons for your partner, at least as far as the benefit of his advice is concerned? And not only Lyons, but also Mr. Gamage, who has built his present huge business from a little one-man shop; and Richard Burbidge, managing director of Harrods' Stores; and S. F. Edge, the famous expert on making and selling motor cars, who started as a cycle racer; and James Murray Allison, advertisement manager of *The Times*; and John Lawrie, managing director of William Whiteley, Ltd. Nor are these all, for you can have the advice of many other famous men, such, for example, as Mr. H. Simonis, the advertisement manager of the *Daily News and Leader*, and one of the most able members of the advertising profession in Great Britain.

And the way you can get the benefit of these men's knowledge is by getting the "Business Encyclopædia" and by referring to it whenever a business difficulty faces you. Whatever your difficulty, however hard it seems, you will be able to solve it by the advice given in the "Business Encyclopædia." For it is written by men who have solved similar difficulties themselves, including all those mentioned above, and many more besides, whose names will be sent free upon request.

Is it any wonder then, that over 50,000 successful business men and great business firms are already using the work? Can there be any doubt that you will be better able to succeed if you also have it by your side to give you advice in your difficulties and to lend you confidence in your decisions?

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In this column you will find a special coupon for readers of JOHN BULL, which entitles you to a free copy of an interesting book on business, that may set you on the right road to business success, just as it has set many others of your fellow readers. In itself it is of considerable value to any business man, for it contains actual facsimile specimens, showing how to draw up important legal documents, such as wills, agreements, leases, indentures, etc., etc.

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UNWITNESSED WILLS.

[This is a companion feature to our "Anticipated Epitaphs"—and is just as authentic.]

This is the Last Will and Testament
—of me—

MARIE CORELLI, of Mason Croft, Stratford-on-Avon, in the county of Warwickshire, *the* novelist.

I HEREBY REVOKE all former testamentary dispositions made by me.

FIRST I desire to explain that, seeing that the minx Christabel Pankhurst had taken advantage of this form of advertisement, no choice remained to me but to do the same if I desired to maintain my reputation as the champion woman-advertiser of the age.

I GIVE, BEQUEATH, AND DEVISE unto the Governor of the British Museum, in trust for the public for ever, the pen with which I wrote the bulk of my immortal works, desiring that the said pen shall be exhibited in a glass case suitably designed for that purpose, and placed in a prominent position close to the entrance to the Reading Room, so that the readers hurrying into the great Library may pause for a moment to admire the instrument wherewith I wrote the books which doubtless the great majority of them will be hastening in to peruse.

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I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the so-called literary critics who presume (when they do not pretend) to review books in the columns of the newspaper press, my unutterable scorn of the profound ignorance, petty spite, colossal impudence, and pernicious style they have exhibited when from time to time they have ventured to review my books adversely in the scurrilous rags for which they hack for hire. I desire to add that I have triumphed over the machinations of the said reviewers, my venomous enemies, and can afford to treat their puny attacks with the contemptuous silence they deserve. At the same time, it is due to me to give final utterance in a document of the importance of this my Will of my opinions of all those hired scribblers who, if they had had their way, would have hounded me, a woman of supreme genius, to literary if not literal death.

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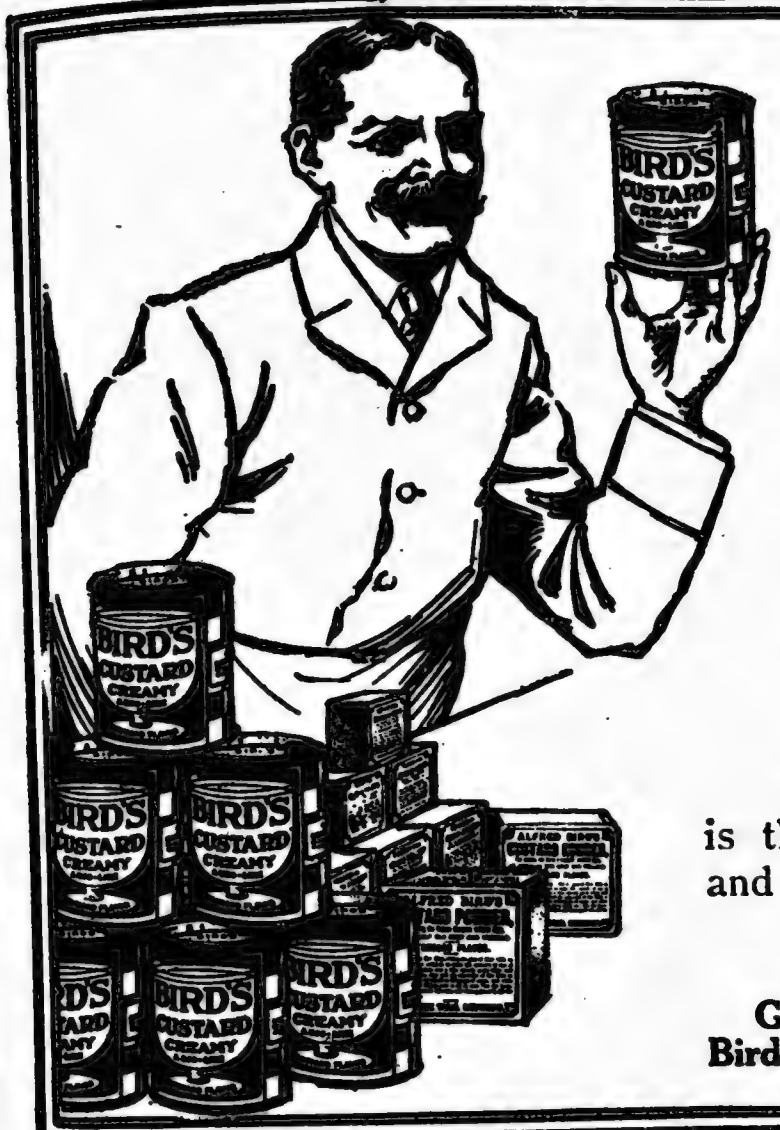

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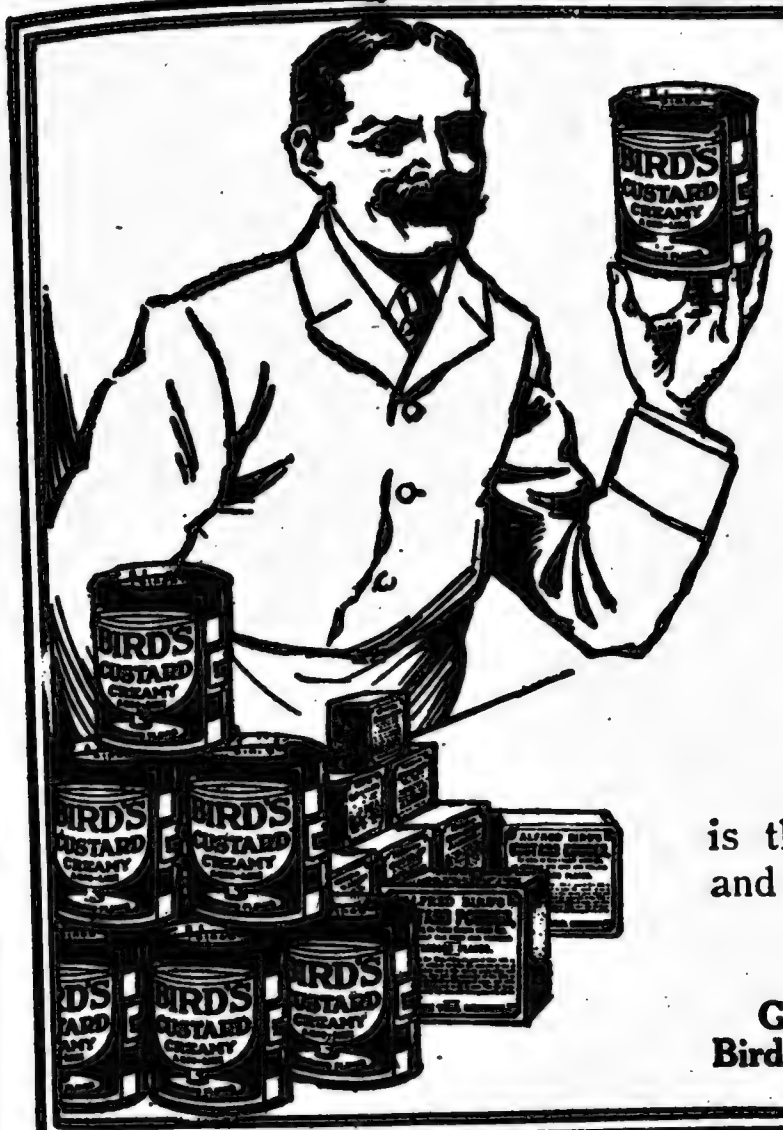

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*Cross out one. J.B.

LOVERS' KNOTS.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective, cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

Why do sentimentalists talk of true lovers' knots as though they suggested sweets or transports? Lovers' Nots might be comfortably platonic. The woman who did not is enviable, for anxiety is absent from her path and soul.

Maudlin Mothers.

But the chief reasons why love is undesirable, why Cupid is continually cursed, why the vengeance of Venus is intolerable, are to be found in lovers' knots. Why, the whole life of every lover is one tiring tangle. Take even that crude animal instinct known as mother's love. Tigresses and negresses illustrate it just as graphically as poetesses and princesses. And what a waste it implies! Infants accept it as a matter of course, and only reward it with cupboard-love or bibulous bib-love or similar selfishness. Yet you hear of women who will sacrifice honour, ease, comfort, health, pleasure, all the joys of life, to pamper some ungrateful brat. Nearly all the tangles which result from motherhood would be avoided if only love were not part of the one-sided bargain. If I am ever invited to address a mothers' meeting, I shall advocate the exposure of superfluous offspring on Mount Ararat, I shall sing hymns to King Herod (of glorious and immortal memory), I shall suggest baskets of bulrushes instead of woollen comforters as the right industry for pleasant afternoons. Seriously, our benevolent Government ought to institute National Foundling Hospitals, where babes could be bartered on a basis of No Questions Asked. There would then be plenty of recruits for Navy and Army and aviation.

Mischievous Match-makers.

A mother's love is not even pure sentiment. In its effects upon the mating of offspring a sort of vicarious selfishness is revealed—miserably material rather than magnificently maternal. Your modern parent does not wish you to spend your life basking with the Beloved, but wants you to have a big house where she herself may dine, a fat banking account to relieve her own, a vulgar car which she may point at in the park. Jealousy is the prime ingredient of her solicitude. Pockets, in fact, are preferred to hearts. Hence terrible tangles, mercenary meshes, needless unhappiness. Survey the lives of all your friends and tell me what proportion have to thank mischievous mothers for blighted love, cat-and-dog alliances, irretrievable regrets.

The Rapture of Risks.

Having now delivered these few kind words to an imaginary mothers' meeting, I will proceed to gratify the young with a word in season. Alice in Wonderland loved knots because it seemed such fun to disentangle them. That is the way to approach lovers' knots when they have been tied by cold-blooded elders. Laugh at locksmiths and remember that you know your own happiness, if not your own business, better than old women can know it for you. Very likely you will make mistakes and tie up ugly knots for yourselves, but that is better than reaping other people's tares. Remember that there are few joys exempt from a heavy tax of sorrow. If you are sufficiently fishlike, you can escape the tax by forgoing the joys. But then you would not be reading me—you would not be meet to be called my disciples. Take, then, the joys of to-day, heedless of the tangles of a morrow which may never come.

The Polygamous Spirit.

I drew attention recently to the dangers and tribulations of love-sickness, its criminal aberrations and passionate pains. Now let me tell you how to avoid them, let me prescribe a prophylactic and circumvent Cupid. One of the very few sane proverbs tells us there is safety in numbers. The monogamous spirit is the cause of all the trouble. If you concentrate all your devotion upon one person, you leave neither brain nor heart for use in any other direction, your pleasures are palsied, your commonsense grows comatose. Whereas if you are very easily impressionable, if your pulses throb at the flutter of every petticoat, your love-sickness may be chronic, but it will be very mild: your lovers' knots may be myriad, but they will be as soft as gossamer.

The Sweets of Selfishness.

Remember also that you love for your own comfort or pleasure. You may place your idol on a pedestal and bow down before her, but only if you find æsthetic satisfaction in prayer and praise. Those lovers who flatter, fetch, carry, abnegate, are simply asking for tangles. Nor need they expect gratitude. Their services will be taken for granted. Like Oliver Twist, the goddess will incessantly ask for more, grudging if she be not satisfied. On the other hand, if you treat her as a very beautiful doormat and tread upon her with all the delicacy of Agag (by the way, I once kept a kitten called Agag), she will still ask for more trampling, she will raise altruism to a fine art. Euclid ought not to have forgotten the axiom that two lovers cannot both be unselfish. It was all very well for him to argue that two blacks do not make a white (except in the case of piebald throwbacks), but he should have conceived the corollary that two lovers cannot be equal the one to the other. One loves and the other accepts love. Otherwise there is a tangle.

Pains of Propinquity.

Most lovers' knots are of trifling origin. During the first ecstacy of exchanging coos, everything is transfigured: a harsh voice is deemed manly, a squint marks originality, a whisky-laden breath reflects the sporting spirit. But propinquity breeds carping. The neatest ankle is presently forgotten in favour of shuffling feet; the songs which sweetened your honeymoon as you glided in gondolas nearly drive you frantic after eggs and bacon at Kensington-beyond-Jordan; chaff degenerates into sarcasm; even caresses come to be compared with eczema or flies. Lovers, then, must not see too much of each other. I advise them, even after marriage, to take regular holidays from each other. "Out of sight—out of mind" means that shortcomings are forgotten. How else could absence make the heart grow fonder? Again, I say unto you: Avoid incessant intimacy, especially if your idea of intimacy is inseparable from insolence. If you are not polite to your wife, someone else will be, and you may not like that as well as she does. Ha! ha! my heartics, is this not a finely revised version of the style and philosophy of that beautiful bible, "Get On Or Get Out"?

Avaunt!

Now I have untied all true lovers' knots except one. And that must remain as sacred and inviolate as the Ark of the Covenant. Let none dare to lay a sacrilegious finger on the knot which holds me entwined by the arms of the Beloved!

AN ILLUSTRATION.

With knitted brows and bent head the theorist walked slowly through the streets. On all sides of him surged a mighty crowd. But he had no eyes for the leaves of the great book Human Nature spread out for his perusal, his mind being deeply engrossed by the paragraph of an essay he purposed writing:—

"They are utterly wrong who class man with the animals. Man, it is true, has an animal side to his nature retarded or accelerated according to birth and environment; but it surely is not mere optimism to predict a high future for Man, seeing that he is of an order of beings as far removed from the brute creation as the spirit is superior to the earthly clay that imprisons it. The highest order of animal intelligence is a sort of blind sagacity founded either on fear or natural instinct, while to Man belongs the noble enlightening——"

A drunken navvy reeled against him, narrowly missing cannoning him into the gutter. A cur bounded up to the inebriate and ran affectionately round him, barking and giving every manifestation of doggish delight. The man lifted his foot and gave the dog a kick that sent it into the road, where it lay howling for a second, then limped painfully behind the erratic heels of its master.

And the theorist—well, the theorist decided not to spell man with a capital M after all.

Retlaw.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 650.

HOW TO KEEP IN GOOD HEALTH.

A GREAT WORK.

By Dr. ANDREW WILSON.

In these days of raging epidemics anything that will help one to keep in good health and ward off illness is a thing greatly to be desired, and Dr. Andrew Wilson has written a book specially to fulfil this purpose.

It is called "The Modern Physician," and the information it gives can often prove invaluable in the home.

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The section devoted to Hygiene, otherwise known as Preventive Medicine, includes the full exposition of the laws of health, and special attention is devoted to physical culture. The important subject of First Aid and Ambulance Work is fully treated and lavishly illustrated.

Since a knowledge of the many and marvellous functions of the body in health is necessary to a due understanding of the body when the various organs become deranged by disease, descriptions of every part of the body and its functions will be found in "The Modern Physician."

THE HEALTH OF WOMEN.

Volume V. deals entirely with the Health and Diseases of Women. It will be found useful to mothers who wish their daughters to grow up into healthy women. Midwifery and the diseases of infants and children are fully treated. A much

Abridged Synopsis of Contents

will serve to give some idea as to how complete is its plan :—

Health and Disease—The Human skeleton—General diseases: Their Cause, Prevention, and Cure—Fevers—Chemical Composition of the Body—Digestive System: Diseases and Derangement thereof—Diseases of the Skin—Diseases of the Kidneys—Animal Parasites and the Diseases they Cause—Anatomy and Physiology of the Eye, Ear, Throat, etc.—Ambulance and First Aid Work: Directions for every emergency—The Heart—Circulation of the Blood—Diseases of the Heart and Blood—Lungs and Functions of Breathing—Principles of Hygiene—Structure and Function of the Brain—Nervous System—Infection and Disinfection—The Germ Theory—Tropical Diseases—Family Medicine Chest: Drops, Lotions, Ointments, Gargles, etc.—Home Nursing—Physical Culture—Massage—Hydropathy — Electrical Treatment—Special Features of Woman's Life—Ailments of Pregnancy—Complications of Labour—Diseases of Women—Care of Infants—Hygiene of Infancy—Infantile Ailments—The Toilet and Health.

Mr. A. H. Hart, 18, Canbury Park Rd., Kingston-on-Thames, writes:—

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Fortunately, however, the publication is now an accomplished fact. For, though the prurient-minded may see wrong where none is meant—and Balzac certainly did write of Nature as he found it—it would have been a thousand pities if the public had been deprived of this its first chance of reading Balzac as he meant to be read.

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Cousin Bette.	The Lily of the Valley.
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The House of the Cat and Racket.	The Country Doctor.
Gobseck.	The Magic Skin.
Old Goriot.	The Unknown Masterpiece.
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What Clement Shorter says:

"Something has been said of the fact that the publishers advertise that their Balzac is 'unexpurgated.' This is of the utmost importance. The charge that a translator 'betrays' is justified where there is a prurient attempt to modify and alter phrases in the interest of Mrs. Grundy. Nothing can justify that. When face to face with a great classic we want the book as near as possible as the author presented it.

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But as some of these selected stories of Balzac are but short stories, or comparatively short stories, and as moreover their charm and interest are greatly accentuated when they are read in conjunction with other stories—the designs of which have direct reference to them—the Publishers, while they have kept this series a small and compact one, have not confined it strictly to the above list.

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"I can testify not only to the excellence of translation, but also to the charm of the type, binding, paper, and especially of the exquisite illustrations by famous French artists. I should mention also that they are absolutely unexpurgated, and are translated with fidelity, avoiding the coarseness which is so marked in the works of less skilful translators, although quite foreign to the spirit of Balzac himself. Considered in every light, I am unable to conceive a more satisfactory edition of the great novelist's work."

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OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Manchester.

My Lord Mayor,—Rumours have worked through to me that much dissatisfaction is felt in educational circles with the recent appointment to the Principalship of the Manchester School of Technology. This post, with its salary of £1,000 a year and its responsibility for the administrative control of what is usually regarded as the premier technical institute in our Empire, is generally considered one of the chief plums for educational men engaged in technical work. I understand that the choice of the selection committee fell on a young man (apparently but little over 30 years of age) who, after taking a good "pure science" degree at Cambridge, was temporarily appointed to the Technical Education Branch of the Board of Education's Inspectorate, but when that body reorganised this section of its work by appointing specialists in "technical sciences" your appointee was transferred to the Elementary Education Branch of the Board as a junior "examiner" on a salary of something like £400 or £500 a year. After occupying this position for a short term of years, he was chosen to principal your city's much-praised School of Technology, with its large staff of highly qualified and long-experienced expert professors and demonstrators and its large body of students hailing from all parts of our Empire. I do not wish, my Lord Mayor, to interfere with your city's privilege of choosing its municipal officers, but I do consider that *prima facie* there appears to be much justification for the disappointment and dissatisfaction which have been felt in the education world. To-day there are in our midst excellent men, who have principalled technical institutions to a high state of success and local favour, men also who have taken a prominent part in the furtherance and guidance of technical education in our large cities, in our colonies or dependencies, men who have travelled far and wide in our Empire, and studied thoughtfully that Empire's industrial problems with relation to technical education. I should have thought a choice among such would have been in the best interests of Manchester and of technical education. As it is, Manchester's choice is regarded as very discouraging, since it would appear that youth and experience as a junior "examiner" in elementary education are better qualifications for the direction of a large technical institute, correlated to many other institutions acting as feeders, than maturer age, experience, riper judgment and actual previous direction of large technical institutes. Do you, my Lord Mayor, know what exactly are the duties of an "examiner" under the Board of Education? Many people do not. However, I would suggest, when in future large city corporations make such equivocal appointments of young men with only a limited experience of the type of work they are to control, that they give greater publicity to the grounds for such choice, with the idea of avoiding any suspicions of injustice or jobbery in the public mind.

John Bull.

To Prebendary Eardley-Wilmot, St. Jude's Vicarage, South Kensington.

Dear Prebendary,—I have read the speech which you delivered to the London Diocesan Conference, condemning the patronage of restaurants on Sundays, and I regret that so zealous a Sabbatarian should be so illogical. Allow me to point out that the chief reason why we go out to our meals on Sundays is to provide our servants with opportunities for rest and relaxation. Assume that 2,000 dinner parties are given in public places on the Lord's Day, this means that 2,000 households are exempt from work, that Jeames can meet Jane in the park, while Sarah Ann can go to the picture-palace or, if she prefers, sing psalms at Little Bethel. For 2,000 tables occupied in gilded halls, perhaps 20,000 of our countrymen and countrywomen have good reason to bless the Sabbath Day. No doubt 1,000 waiters or so are kept at work, but probably 800 of them are foreigners, who do not share your insular views, but welcome the opportunity of extra pay. Do try to remember what untold mischief is due to the unconscious machinations of stupidity. John Bull.

To the Most Rev. J. A. Smith, R.C. Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh.

Most Revbrend Sir,—Will you, as Chairman of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Industrial School and Orphanage at Tranent, favour me with an account of the present condition of the institution, especially as the public prints of Scotland appear to be silent concerning the matter? The report of Mr. T. D. Robertson, H.M. Chief Inspector of Industrial Schools, is ghastly reading—four deaths, thirty-two cases of trachoma, nineteen of conjunctivitis, four of pneumonia; "while a mysterious illness has affected in epidemic form 106 boys during the past year." Trachoma in Tranent—what is the meaning of it all? How has it been imported? And what of this mysterious epidemic? Have boys been received into school while it was raging? Is it now ended? Why have ten boys absconded and four attempted to do so? Did they flee for their health's sake? What do the Committee of which you are the head mean by the statement that "in the opinion of Drs. M'Neil and M'Gowan, St. Joseph's is a very healthy establishment"? Healthy, with this mysterious epidemic and all these cases of trachoma—a disease which bars emigrants entering the United States and I believe this country also? To me it reads as a gruesome jest.

This is not the first occasion on which a "mysterious" epidemic has broken out at St. Joseph's, as your Grace well knows. Subscribers and friends are told that the Home Office instructed Drs. M'Neil and M'Gowan to conduct an investigation, that they have issued a voluminous report, that "it is to be summarised for publication by the Medical Officer of the Home Office," and that "it is hoped the result will mark a step towards ascertaining the cause of these epidemics in industrial schools and similar institutions." I join the managers in that hope; but will your Grace be pleased to inform me in what other industrial schools and similar institutions trachoma and mysterious epidemics have been on the scale of St. Joseph's—169 boys in residence, and practically the whole afflicted in one way or another? I am very anxious to have further and fuller details. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. C. A. O'Conner, K.C., Attorney-General for Ireland.

Dear Mr. Attorney,—Permit me to call your attention to the speech which Colonel Sharman-Crawford, Deputy-Lieutenant of County Down, is reported to have made on his re-election as president of the Bangor Unionist Club. "If," he said, "the men of County Down wished to avert the threatened Home Rule legislation, the next move would be to start a rifle club." I do not know how you regard it, but this seems to me a direct incitement to violence. In any case, it is not a speech which a man in the position of Deputy-Lieutenant should be allowed to make with impunity. What do you propose to do? Or was it an after-dinner speech? John Bull.

The Editor, "Daily News" (and "Leader").

Beloved Confrere,—Am I dreaming or is visions about? I have just picked up your issue of Monday, May 13th, and read, with horror, not only the programme of the Leicester Race Meeting, but the results *with betting returns* of the Jubilee Meeting at Kempton. All that now remains is for you to take on Captain Coe and drop cocoa.

John Bull.

R. J. M'Mordie, M.P., Lord Mayor, Belfast.

Have given every consideration your statement that 300,000 men fight to the death in Ulster if necessary. Bet you ninepence they'll never say die! Bull.

Lord Northcliffe, "Daily Mail," London.

Hearty congratulations great achievement in raising £50,000 by appeal to women England *re Titanic*. Am proud of you. Bull.

Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, Berlin.

Hear with pleasure your appointment German Ambassador, London. If you see anything you would like, pray ask for it, but please understand business rule this country, nothing for nothing. Bull.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 650.*

THE PARLIAMENTARY PIGS.

"This little pig went to market—

—This little pig stayed at home."

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

My readers will remember that I fully anticipated the reduction in the Bank rate to 3 per cent., and we now have, in consequence, a fresh rush of prospectuses, some of which are distinctly of better and some worse than other recent promotions. But I don't anticipate any special improvement in *Consols*, or other of the *gilt-edged securities*. I am devoting special attention now to *Oil shares*, which are booming, and to *Nigerian Tin Mines*, in which a rally seems to be at hand. *Marconis* rallied and relapsed again on fears of a disappointing dividend. I should like to point out how my earlier hints to buy *Rio Tintos, Hudson's Bays, Canadian General Electrics*, and *Canadian Pacifics* are being borne out by advances of from 10 to 30 points. And now *Grand Trunks* are also on the up-grade and, in view of the remarkable increase in traffics and of the splendid development of the *Grand Trunk Pacific*, their subsidiary, further advances in the third preference and ordinary may be looked for. *Copper* and *Copper Mines* are again rising, the last American statistics, although marking a small increase in the stocks in the United States, also showing a larger consumption for April, which is an important indication of an American revival. According to a *South African World* cable, the diggers are leaving Mooifontein and returning to Barkly West in anticipation of the forthcoming proclamation of the farm Gong-Gong (of the *Diamond Proprietary*) and the Barkly West Commonage. The Transvaal gold output for April marks a fresh record as regards daily average production, and might have caused an improvement were it not for the threatened additional South African taxation at the rate of ¼ per cent. per annum to be levied upon every company registered in the Union on the value of any of its bearer shares or bonds in circulation which pay interest with dividends. I do not think, however, that in view of the general protests, the Union Government will go on with the proposal. It certainly would be folly to hamper their one great industry—to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs!

Oil Shares the Market of the Near Future—A Strong Demand and Rising Prices—Mid-European Oilfields.

Recent developments with regard to oil companies are distinctly favourable. Again a rise in oil has come from the East, where it always originates, and thus the first condition of a rising market is established. The outstanding features during the week have been *Ural Caspians* in the first place, and *Shell Transports* in the second place. A very important rise of a couple of pounds has taken place in *Ural Caspians*. During the week, it was announced that well No. 2, Makum, became a gusher. Now it is reported that several gushers have been struck on the Goss Or. It is said that the shares are going to 6, but I should think that there must be a reaction before then on profit-taking by people who got in much lower down. Now as regards *Shell Transports*, it must not be forgotten that the company is also interested in the *Ural Caspians*. In fact, it is reported that the Shell Company is exercising all its options in them as they fall due. I have all along predicted good dividends for *Maikop Victory*, and now they are announced. The *Maikop Victory Ordinaries* receive a further interim dividend of 1s. per share, and the deferred shares an interim dividend of 1s. per share. The *Black Sea Oilfields* announces an interim dividend of 7 per cent. on the ordinary shares on account of the year ending June 30th. The next turn will be that of the *Black Sea Prefs*. It is curious how these shares hang fire, despite these favourable developments, as well as the expected increase in outputs, but I suppose their turn will come soon. The latest from the Kuban Black Sea Oilfields is that well No. 1, at 77 ft. below the original source, has just spouted several times. It is a pity that the *Shell Transport Company* does not condescend to announce any important developments which may transpire, but rather puts the same through by rumours or semi-official statements. Thus it is reported that the company has concluded a contract with the *London General Omnibus Company* for the supply of petrol to that company for a protracted period, and the market estimates that the company's profit therefrom will be about £200,000 per annum. The *Shell Transport* might also have enlightened the market concerning the block of shares taken by the Banque de Paris, which is reported to be 250,000 shares, half firm and half on call. I hear of a number of oil companies the prospectuses of which are coming out in the near future, but although I believe that the oil share market is the market of the near future, I must warn my readers to be very careful as to which they invest in, as it is quite as easy—or more so—to lose money in oil shares as to make it. The shares of the *Mid-European Oilfield Company*, which have been recently introduced on the Stock Exchange, have come into demand up to 1 11-32. This concern has a capital of £250,000 in £1 shares, of which 135,000 are kept in reserve for future issue. The properties the company has purchased comprise a refinery and extensive factory at Kolomea, together with oil wells extending over an area of about 200 acres near the village of Loboda, Galicia, Austria. Twenty-five wells have been sunk on the property, of which 22 are producing petroleum in regular quantities and from the first strata, but in the opinion of Dr. Dvorkovitz considerable further quantities will be produced after the wells have passed through the petroliferous zone. The refinery adjoins the railway station, and covers an area of 80 acres, being fully equipped for the production of refined petroleum and the manufacture of paraffin, while there is also a candle factory, with an annual capacity of 700 tons of candles. Dr. Dvorkovitz, the well-known expert, has made a favourable report upon the property, and estimates the net profit obtainable after the expenditure of sufficient working capital, at £43,625 per annum. According to Dr. Dvorkovitz's report, the production of crude oil on the territory could without difficulty be enormously increased, and consequently, of course, the profits.

The Prospects of Nigerian Tins after the Liquidation—Will the Bears be Caught?—Various Favourable Indications.

Now that the nineteen-day account has been surmounted, the Nigerian Tin market, which has suffered very considerably during that time, is likely to mark a recovery. The Bears have apparently had it all their own way, and *Anglo-Continental* more especially have been sold down heavily by the same combination of Bears as operated so largely years ago in the West Australian market. It will, however, be a case of diamond cut diamond, as the Bull party are also very wide awake. A weak feature has been *Jos Tin*, which has fallen heavily, owing to a reduction in the tin output. On the other hand, *Bauchi* have improved on the last favourable cable, but this has had no general effect on the market, which is controlled by the *Anglo-Continental* movements, and as these shares have led the decline they will also lead the recovery. The statutory report of the *Rukuba (Nigeria) Tin Company* states that the total number of shares allotted is 100,000. At the meeting of shareholders very satisfactory statements were made. This is the company in which the *Ida "H"* owns 50,000 shares. The *Tin Areas of Nigeria* have received a cable from the company's chief engineer in Nigeria, who speaks favourably of the Ninkada country, having found the lode in the Ragga River area. The *Rayfield Tin* output for April shows a small improvement on that for March, being 22 tons, and forms a striking contrast to the poor return of the *Jos Tin* area. For my part, instead of buying the shares, which have been at £6 and have fallen to 2¼ or 3, I should prefer to buy some of the more modest ventures, with good surroundings, and at low prices, where really reliable information is vouchsafed. Such shares as *Keffi, Toro, Hausa, Naraguta Extended*, and *Berrida*, are well worth picking up. Very little light is thrown on the position by the directors' report of the *West African Mines, Limited*, just issued, that company being interested in the *Anglo-Continental*. The information vouchsafed is more or less general. There is nothing in this report to create enthusiasm, but it shows that Nigeria as a tin producing country will have a great future.

NOTES ON NEW ISSUES.

ODHAMS LIMITED.

We are not surprised to hear that, although the list of applications for the £50,000 Preference shares of this Company did not close till Thursday, the 16th, the issue was over-subscribed by the Monday, and we congratulate the fortunate allottees.

H. P. TYLER, LIMITED.

This is far too much of a family concern, and is best left to the local Leicester people. All the directors are vendors.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 650.*

THE ANDALUSIA WATER COMPANY.

This is a Spanish wild cat, and if any of our readers have been stupid enough to apply for shares, they should at once wire to the secretary cancelling their applications. One quotation from the prospectus should be enough: "Assuming that three-fourths of the present population become consumers and that the average supply," etc. But assuming that they do not? And we prefer the latter assumption.

COLUMBIA VALLEY ORCHARDS.

A very appropriate date has been fixed for the redemption of the debentures now offered for subscription—the first of April, 1922. The whole issue is a joke. "The INTEREST" is "*unconditionally* guaranteed"—observe the adverb—for "the first *two* years" by the Dominion Trust Company. Think of that! You put up your money and the Dominion Trust guarantees "unconditionally" that for two whole years you shall get your interest. After then both interest and capital will have to look after themselves. We have a little orchard of our own, and if anybody will lend us a bit on it—well, they may *deduct* the interest for *ten* years at five per cent. That will leave us with a balance of ten shillings in the pound. Besides, there *are* apple-trees already on *our* ground.

HARDELOT DOMAIN.

This should be left to the French. The price for the property is inflated; the preliminary expenses—£10,000—are exorbitant, and the duty payable to the French Government—£26,000—had better come out of French pockets. The whole scheme is in the air. And, by the way, are the directors entitled to invite subscriptions by means of an abridged prospectus?

JOHN DICKINSON.

This is all right, and investors cannot go wrong in taking up the debenture issue.

LAW GUARANTEE TRUST.

So the auditors have compromised the claim against them by the payment of £20,000. Now, how much do the directors propose to fork out? They are rich men. And what says Mr. Buxton?

HUGGINS' BREWERY.

The second extraordinary meeting to confirm the writing down of capital has been duly held, and the proposed scheme, which was defeated at the first meeting on a show of hands and was carried only by the proxies sent out by the directors in their own favour was, of course, approved. But the proceedings were farcical, the meeting being packed, and a number of the brewery employés being present at the back of the room. Sir Walter Johnson and Mr. Byrne again protested against the confiscatory character of the scheme, without avail. But we are bound to say that a severe blow is being struck at the stability of all limited liability companies by the drastic proposals of the Huggins' board. The sanctity of preferential rights is entirely ignored; and the sooner some new blood is infused into the management, the better.

NORTHERN TERRITORY SYNDICATE.

Some very important developments respecting this undertaking are pending.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) *Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor,* JOHN BULL, *2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.*

(2) *Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.*

(3) *Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.*

(4) *In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.*

(5) *If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.*

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Inquiry.

COMPANY IN LIQUIDATION.—X. Y. Z. (Llani).—You should certainly not pay unless you are compelled, but I doubt whether you can fight this single-handed. Why not get some of the bigger shareholders to join you? Under ordinary circumstances, having entered into an engagement, you must keep it, but the present case is, I think, exceptional.

CANADIAN MILLS AND TIMBER.—H. W. W. M.—According to the latest books of reference, Messrs. Leopold Mayer and Co., 23, St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C., are the agents here, and you should apply to them for information. I note that letters addressed to Mr. David Bryce, the secretary, at 13, Sherborne Lane, E.C., have been returned to you, which is not an encouraging sign.

STOCKBROKERS' STANDING.—IRONOPOLIS.—The firm in question are not members of the Stock Exchange, and I am rather surprised to hear from you that they have been established so long. They are not generally known, and I cannot give any further information. I should advise you to apply to one of the Information Bureaux.

INVESTMENT FOR SMALL AMOUNTS.—MRS. R. W.—As your savings are only £5, and are in the Post Office Savings Bank, you cannot do better than leave them there. I certainly would not advise you to have anything to do with the firm in question.

OBSCURE CONCERN.—IRENE.—No; do not put your money in this concern. Always remember that the higher the return, the greater the risk.

MINES.—J. W.—(1) It might be worth while to join this reconstruction; otherwise, you lose your interest in it altogether. (2 and 3) Sell, if you can do so at a profit.

KAFFIRS.—V. J. M.—No reason to sell either Van Ryn or Johannesburg Consolidated Investment. Any improvement in Kaffirs must at once affect the latter. Standard Oil of Mexico should suit you.

MINES AND MINERALS EXPLORATION.—EXPLORATION.—As these shares have not been quoted, it is impossible to fix a definite value upon the same. The position, however, is not very encouraging. No dividend has yet been paid, and at the end of December, 1910, there was a debit balance of £12,847. If you can recover the money, you should certainly endeavour to do so.

OBSCURE WATER CO.—ACOTTIE.—You are quite right to be cautious, and you should not throw more good money after bad by joining this movement. It should not be forgotten that, despite any arrangement, you make yourself liable for an unlimited amount of law costs, and it is more than doubtful that you would ever recover the same.

CHARTERED OPTIONS.—C. C. McS.—It is probably the fear of a lot of new shares coming onto the market which is keeping the price down, apart from intrinsic merits. Why not exercise your options, and put away the shares for a time, until the market has settled down? Eventually, the price should rule distinctly higher, but, of course, patience is necessary.

6 PER CENT. INVESTMENT.—MISS C. B. (Belfast).—You cannot get a safe 6 per cent. security, but Canadian Pacifics would be as suitable as any stock, while this yield can be obtained in, for instance, Associated Portland Cement Preference shares at 8¾, Mexican Railway First Prefs. at 137½, and Salvador 6 per cent. Bonds at 97½.

LANSON PARAGON SUPPLY.—W. H. C.—I dealt specially with the matter in last week's issue, and I refer you to my remarks thereon.

G. C. CONSOLIDATED LANDS.—W. R.—This is not, of course, a gilt-edged investment, but a speculation, albeit a very promising one.

RICHARDSON'S WESTGARTH PREFS.—L. S. E.—My opinion of these Preference shares is decidedly unfavourable. No dividends have been paid thereon for the last few years, and at August last there was a debit balance of £54,538. If you want a share in this department, Vickers would be as suitable as any.

TELEGRAPH SHARES.—W. AND P.—These shares have already had a very substantial rise during the last few months, having come up from 7¼ to over 11. They are a fair industrial holding, but if you could get in on a reaction, so much the better.

G. C. LANDS, &c.—D'ORO.—Gold Coast Lands are a good speculative holding. As regards the two rubber companies in question, no recent information is available, and there is no option but to hold both shares. I will not fail to mention any further developments when these arise.

METAL VALUES.—MINER.—I cannot give you these quotations myself, but recommend you to apply to leading metal brokers, such as Messrs. H. R. Merton and Co., 2, Metal Exchange Buildings; Lewis Lazarus and Sons, 10-11, Lime Street; or French and Smith, 147, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

STEPMOTHER'S POLICY.—T. B. (Newcastle).—This is an unfortunate complication, your father and mother having died. Yes, you can stop her insuring you and your brother, if she won't transfer the policies to you.

LONDON AND MANCHESTER INDUSTRIAL.—NUNQUAM.—If the agent persuaded you, you have a claim against the Company. As you have no insurable interest in either, and the assured are not aware of it, it is illegal.

WESLEYAN POLICY.—COSMO.—(1) This is doubtful. (2) Probably. (3) Consult a local solicitor.

LONDON AND MANCHESTER.—MUTUAL.—If the agent was aware of all this, you have a claim for the return of the premiums paid. The policy is returned.

POLICY ON FATHER'S LIFE.—H. E. C.—It is not absolutely necessary that he should have signed the proposal, and as the amount is very small it may have been intended for burial expenses, in which case it would be legal.

TEN LIVERPOOL VICTORIA POLICIES.—A. B. (Tufnell Park).—The offer made of free policies for these ten is absurdly inadequate; you must insist on better terms. The policies, etc., are returned.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—I. L. (Clapham).—I fear you have no remedy. Your policies are returned. S. A. M. (Shalden).—If the agent forged the signatures, you could recover. TOO POOR (Edinburgh).—If the agent forged the assured's signature, you could recover. Your policies are returned. E. M. M. (Dublin).—Your policy will probably be paid in due course. JUSTICE (Greenock)—If you can prove the death of the person assured, you can recover the premiums paid since that date—together with the sum assured, and the bonus that has accrued up to the time of the death, providing your sister is the legal claimant. T. B. (Charing Cross Road).—Sue in County Court. A. E. D. (Clacton-on-Sea).—Sue in County Court for the return of premiums paid, which have been illegally collected from you.

ROYAL LONDON FRIENDLY.—PUZZLED (Plymouth).—(1) It should be legal enough. (2) If you paid the premiums you could claim the money at death. (3) No. (4) No.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA.—DOUBTFUL.—You should require an undertaking that they will pay at death. J. G. (Tiverton).—You should ask for the policy to be endorsed stating that the Society will pay at death to your next-of-kin.

WESLEYAN AND GENERAL.—(1) Probably. (2) Yes. (3) Employ a solicitor.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION.—J. A. W.—I do not see how I can help you in the matter of your dispute with the Company about your appointment. You would have to employ a solicitor and incur heavy expenses. The documents are returned.

PEARL LIFE ASSURANCE.—J. G. S. (Newcastle).—If the insured has full knowledge of her life being assured in this way, the three policies would be legal enough provided there is an insurable interest. The office can, of course, for its own greater security, insist on the signature of the insured, but this is not indispensable.

It is requested that all letters sent us relating to the validity of policies held in the Prudential be marked on the envelope "Prudential." Owing to the thousands of inquiries which have been received, some little delay in dealing with them is unavoidable, but every endeavour is being made to expedite matters.

**"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 650.*

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S INTENTIONS.

HIS PLANS FOR THE FUTURE OUTLINED—PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE BUSINESS PRINCIPLE TO HIS OWN AFFAIRS.

At a large and enthusiastic meeting held in the Queen's Hall, London, on Saturday, May 11th, 1912, MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P., explained his personal and political position and outlined his future intentions.

The chair was occupied by MR. COUNCILLOR GRANT, who, in opening the proceedings, referred to the unique nature of the meeting, and mentioned that he was President of the Political Association which originally selected Mr. Bottomley as Candidate for South Hackney. He was, however, in no way ashamed of that fact—(cheers),—for, however much they might agree or disagree with the hon. Member, they must all admire his pluck and independence. (Cheers.) He was a national asset. (Loud cheers.)

MR. BOTTOMLEY, whose rising was the signal for a striking ovation, the audience cheering loudly and continuously, when his voice could be heard said that the Chairman had rightly remarked on the unique character of the gathering. It was called under the auspices of no Party, sect, association, or even—by way of a change—under the auspices of any League. Nor were they there in support of or opposition to any particular cause, or movement, or policy. It was just a meeting of representative Londoners to hear a statement from one of the sixty-one Members of Parliament for London in regard to certain recent events, partly of a public and partly of a private character. And if that one particular Member did not happen to be the most distinguished, at least he could claim this—that he was one of the least extinguished of them. (Applause and laughter.) He was one of those who did not believe in parochial politics, and did not think that the responsibility of a Member of Parliament—especially for one of the Metropolitan seats—was limited by the four corners of his own particular political cabbage patch. And in his own case he had a very special claim to address a general London audience. For a reason which he would give the meeting in a moment, he really claimed to be Member for London. (Cheers.) He took no credit to himself for that—it was by the accident of the poll and the irony of their Party system of government. It happened that at the last General Election the intelligent electorate of the Metropolis sent to Parliament thirty Liberals, thirty Conservatives and himself. (Applause.) And as each one of the thirty was pledged and in honour bound to oppose and frustrate everything which the other thirty attempted to do, they would see that but for him there would be a political deadlock in the representation of London. Thus it came about that through no fault of his own or merit of his own there were entrusted to his hands the political destinies of London. (Loud applause.)

He had been for nearly seven years in Parliament. He could not exactly describe those seven years as seven years' hard labour—(laughter)—nor did he care to place himself in the second division—he would, however, plead guilty to having been a first-class misdemeanant. (Renewed laughter.)

THE REAL MEANING OF INDEPENDENCE.

Detached from all Parties—tilting first at one and then at another, but usually of necessity at the Government in power, because he believed it to be the main duty of a private Member to act as Government critic and critic of the Executive, he occupied a position of aloofness and of independence which required a good deal of daring and a certain amount of recklessness, as the political game was played. ("Hear, hear.") He knew it was said that the independent Member was the Member who could not be depended upon, and so far as that meant could not be depended upon to go into any particular lobby until he had heard the arguments and made up his mind, he pleaded guilty to the charge. (Cheers.) He preferred to say that the independent Member was the Member who depended upon nobody but himself in order to make up his political mind. (Loud applause.) But still faith in one's own self-reliance was a risky thing, especially when they were up against so impregnable a rock as the Party system of government—which he supposed, next to the Church and the Law, was the greatest vested interest in the country; and when by way of make weight he added the insurance companies, the bankers and the shipowners they would see that, to use a homely phrase, he had been asking for trouble. (Laughter and cheers.) And he had not been disappointed. (Renewed laughter.) His friends when they met him after an absence of a few months looked at him wonderingly, remarked upon the fact that apparently he looked well, and expressed surprise that he was not in a lunatic asylum. Sometimes he wished he had been, because he could then be in the proud position of that member of a great audience who, differing from the rest of those present, maintained that he was the only sane person there, and by way of proof produced his certificate from the county asylum, bearing the magic words, "Discharged cured." (Much laughter.) Without that certificate, he must ask them to give him credit for normal sanity, and must express his satisfaction that, despite all these troubles and turmoils, he had not only kept his head but—what was more important—his seat. (Laughter and applause.) And through it all, despite all personal prejudice and discredit, he had the satisfaction in looking back upon those seven years of having at least added one phrase to political vocabulary in creating the cry and the demand for what he called Business Government. (Loud cheers.) He did not think there was any cry which had caught on more rapidly and more thoroughly. Sneered at, ridiculed at first, it had now become a commonplace of political controversy—they could hardly take up a newspaper or read a speech of any prominent man in which they did not find some sympathetic reference to the idea. It received some impetus a month or two ago down at East Bristol—(applause)—where they took advantage of a bye-election just to have a sort of preliminary trial of strength, and succeeded in the course of a few days in polling 3,000 votes for a Business Government candidate and giving one of the minor Ministers such a fright that he did not seem to have opened his mouth in Parliament since his re-election. (Laughter.) And he need hardly say that certain recent events of a more tragic character had given a very mighty impetus to that plea for Business management of the Public Departments. ("Hear, hear.")

PRACTICE AND PRECEPT.

What he had preached for the State he had endeavoured to practice for himself, and having recently applied what he conceived to be Business principles to his own affairs, a condition of things had arisen which had led to that meeting, and had induced him to ask their permission to make a certain statement both from a public and a personal point of view. (Applause.)

So far as the public aspect of things as they affected him went, let him say that every day he went to Parliament, every day he came into contact with the practical hard facts and affairs of life, the more he saw and studied and learned of the methods of government in the country, the more was he convinced—and he said it without any reservation or affectation—that the future prosperity of the government of the country and of the Empire depended upon a fundamental revision, if not the complete abolition, of the effete and worn out Party system of government under which they lived that day. (Loud cheers.) Only two nights before—at 11.30 on Thursday night—he sat in the House of Commons and witnessed a scene which set him thinking. 650 out of 670 Members were present—at least 200 of them total strangers to the place, no one knowing their names or their constituencies or recognising their faces—howling, shouting, jeering, cheering, gibing at each other, some waving handkerchiefs, some exchanging anything but compliments across the floor of the House, Ministers flushed with the excitement of the victory of the moment, ex-Ministers livid with rage and disappointment. As he sat there in the corner looking at that scene he could not help contrasting it with what he thought would have been the scene if two or three hundred non-Party, level-headed business men had been sitting in that chamber, grappling with the same complex problem, but applying to it the same principles as they would to any great question of difficulty arising in their own affairs. And he expressed that view to one of the best-known members of the so-called Labour Party, who said, "Oh, that's all very well, Bottomley, you know. We are always hearing about this 'ere Business Government of yours, but you have no romance and you have no imagination." And he ventured to tell that Labour Member, as he ventured to tell that meeting, that they could not govern a great commercial community by romance or imagination—the statute book was not a volume of poems, and they had got to take a practical and stern view of realities. (Loud cheers.) Party begot fanaticism—fanaticism warped the judgment and dulled the intellect, with the result that the average elector and the unsophisticated Member of Parliament simply became the tool and the plaything of the professional politician. ("Hear, hear.")

He was looking that day at some well-known lines of Mr. Lowell's in the *Biglow Papers*, which, to his mind, were as true of the political situation in that country as they were of that in America when they were written.

They exactly described what went on in their political system, but he was proud to think that he was one of the few "doughfaces" as party politicians were aptly described by Mr. Lowell, who had not "axed" anything up to the present. (Loud cheers.)

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 650.*

The Shuffling of Portfolios.

He had seen, however, a good deal of the changing of places, and would just mention two or three of the remarkable things in that way which he had witnessed during the seven years he had been in Parliament. There was one Minister—they should all be anonymous—who six years ago was Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He had the post assigned to him because as a briefless young barrister it was assumed he would be an expert upon national finance and upon the various intricate considerations which had to do with the management of the treasury of the country. (Laughter.) He had not occupied the job very long, and was just appearing to be a little bit at home with it, when a vacancy occurred and he, of course, claimed his promotion, becoming Minister of Education. He introduced one Education Bill which he (Mr. Bottomley) was the only occupant of the Government benches to vote against, being reproached for his disloyalty—and within a fortnight this Minister withdrew it, on the ground that it was unworkable and unpopular. (Loud laughter and cheers.) Then, of course, he got further promotion, and was made First Lord of the Admiralty. (Renewed laughter.) The Naval destinies, the first line of defence of the country, were placed in his hands, and, not content with that rapid rate of progress, he had lately blossomed forth into the even higher position in the scale of politics of Secretary of State for the Home Department. Now those four things happening in six years, happening at their expense, in connection with the affairs of the nation, was reducing government to a burlesque. (Loud applause.) He took another distinguished politician. A year or two ago he was Under Secretary for the Colonies. He had this qualification: he had been to Africa for a week or two and therefore he did know where one of their Colonies was. (Laughter.) A short time afterwards, being a distinguished literary man, he was made President of the Board of Trade. Probably, complete as that Minister's dictionary was, and prolific as he was in phraseology, if there was one word he never used and did not like, it was the word "Trade." (Much laughter.) A little later on there was another vacancy, and he glided up into the Secretaryship of the Home Department, and then, in turn, he had charge of the destiny of the Navy.

To take a last illustration: A perky young gentleman, after holding a minor post, blossomed forth into the position of Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Then he became Minister of Education, and quite recently—and much to his own surprise—they made him President of the Board of Agriculture. It happened, most unfortunately for himself, that his appointment came about a week before the Cattle Show, and it chanced to be the fact that traditionally during that week the President of the Board of Agriculture was officially at home to receive any practical farmer who cared to honour him with a visit to discuss the agricultural problems of the nation. The young Minister rather shied at that, and cancelled the arrangement, and when he (Mr. Bottomley) ventured to ask him in the House why he had done it, with unconscious irony he said he was too busy running about the country in order to learn something about the duties of his office. (Laughter.)

Agricultural Humour.

In order to show them how quickly he had got on—this incident was not mentioned in the Press, but was taken from the Official Debates—a day or two ago a Member of Parliament (Mr. Bathurst), who is a great authority on agricultural questions and got very enthusiastic about foot and mouth disease and interesting topics of that kind, addressed a conundrum to the new President. He wanted to know all about a certain disease, called Johnes's, and received a very long and learned reply—read from a carefully prepared official document. He thought, "Well, that would be a poser for even an older expert than you." The House saw the right hon. gentleman knew all about it, that he took every means to understand this common disease, and knew every single thing about it. Now it would all have passed off very nicely but for one little incident, and he (Mr. Bottomley) was not sure that, indirectly, he was not responsible for it, he being supposed to be constantly embarrassing Ministers. He somehow passed the suggestion round, and a certain practical Scotch gentleman got up, and after a moment's thought said: "Would the right hon. gentleman mind stating what is Johnes's disease?" What did they think the answer was? The Minister did not look so confident; he got up, and after a moment's thought said, "I would like notice of that question." (Loud and prolonged laughter.)

Origin of Party Names.

He did not think he had ever seen the origin of these names mentioned. They knew the common names "Conservative" and "Liberal" were relatively recent—they arose after the Reform Bill agitation of last century, and were simply a continuation of the old Party names of "Tory" and "Whig." It was an interesting fact that each of these names had a Celtic origin, in one case indicating "pack-saddle thief," and in the other a "mountain raider." (Laughter.) That meant a sort of politician who came down from the mountains—Welsh or otherwise—and raided hen-roosts or any other property. (Much laughter.) He reminded the leaders of both Parties of those genealogical facts, which they were too apt to lose sight of.

The whole thing was decadent and sleepy. When papers like the *Daily Mail*, the *Express*, the *Evening News* and others of that kind started they foresaw this; they saw their readers did not want much time or space given to the utterances of Members of Parliament, and except when one called another a liar or insulted the Speaker, or there was any incident of that kind to which could be attached the headline, "Scene in the House," no serious report was attempted of the proceedings in Parliament. ("Hear, hear.") *The Times* the other week commented—so did *Truth*, and so did *Punch*—upon the fact that even during the recent Home Rule Debate—which, whatever its merits was supposed to be a subject stirring the minds on one side or the other of the people—the House was half empty.

Parliamentary Apathy.

He could assure them that some of the greatest speeches they had recently read and applauded in their papers were delivered to empty benches. He could not help contrasting that state of things with what he himself witnessed in 1886 and 1893, when hundreds of Members crushed round the doors to get into the House, when the galleries were crowded to suffocation, and when the Speaker had to put chairs all along the gangway of the House to accommodate some of the extra Members who honoured the assembly on that occasion with their presence—because it was one of the peculiarities of their Parliamentary system that the House of Commons was built to hold only 400 out of the 670 who were entitled to go there. (Laughter.) The House of Commons, his experience told him, was an almost played-out institution—it was the mere creature of the Executive, with no independent will, no independent action—and he attributed that entirely to the injurious effects of the Party system. ("Hear, hear.")

Not only was it a decaying, but—though the suggestion might come to them as a novel one—he was not sure that it was not an illegal assembly. They had all heard of a sovereign who once reigned over these dominions, called Queen Anne—she was famous mainly for the fact that she was dead. (Laughter.) She had, however, almost as great a claim to fame as the founder of a special bounty for poor clergymen. But Queen Anne never intended Ministers of the Crown and Members of Parliament to enjoy a bounty except on the express condition that the people whom they were supposed to represent should acquiesce in their appointments and in their emoluments; and so in her reign an Act was passed under which every Member of Parliament who became the holder of any office of profit under the Crown was bound to vacate his seat and go to his constituents before he could remain a Member of the House. Thus, every now and then, there were by-elections when Ministers were appointed to their offices. But recently Members of the House of Commons, having nothing much to do at the moment, suddenly were struck with the bright idea of voting themselves an annual salary of £400—it was not as much as it ought to have been, but still it was something to go on with in those hard times—and if that did not make them holders of offices of profit under the Crown, the English language had no meaning. ("Hear, hear.") The point had never been tested, but as an amateur lawyer—(cheers)—that was to say, a lawyer without a licence, that was all it came to—(laughter)—he did not hesitate to say that every Act of the House of Commons since they voted themselves that £400 a year was null and void, and if anyone did not want to pay his taxes or obey the Insurance Act or close his shop on one day a week at some inconvenient hour—("Hear hear")—he could defy the Government and put it to the magistrate that the House of Commons was an illegal body. If authority was asked, he could say "Bottomley"—(laughter and cheers)—and, if necessary, he (the speaker) would come and argue the point for him. (Renewed cheers.) It was no good raising such questions in the House of Commons—there was a regular understanding between both sides to keep the game going.

The Bogus Board.

They knew how some four or five years ago he started an enquiry—a most inconvenient enquiry—into the constitution of these so-called Boards which governed them. They knew how, in season and out of season, at almost every meeting he addressed and from week to week in his own particular journal, he had taken the Board of Trade as the one crowning example of the ludicrous and inadequate protection which was given to the trade and commerce of the country. ("Hear, hear.") He had ridiculed the constitution of a Board of Trade consisting of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons—(laughter)—and they had had recently a ghastly awakening to the truth of his criticisms. ("Hear, hear.") It was not a pleasant reflection—he derived small satisfaction from it—but there was the fact that at that moment the whole world was standing aghast at the greatest maritime disaster in history. He had read pulpit platitudes about it being a "Providential" lesson and rebuke for the luxury and extravagance of the age. But when he pictured 156 helpless women and little children struggling for their lives in the water and a thousand almost

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He had been for nearly seven years in Parliament. He could not exactly describe those seven years as seven years' hard labour—(laughter)—nor did he care to place himself in the second division—he would, however, plead guilty to having been a first-class misdemeanant. (Renewed laughter.)

THE REAL MEANING OF INDEPENDENCE.

Detached from all Parties—tilting first at one and then at another, but usually of necessity at the Government in power, because he believed it to be the main duty of a private Member to act as Government critic and critic of the Executive, he occupied a position of aloofness and of independence which required a good deal of daring and a certain amount of recklessness, as the political game was played. ("Hear, hear.") He knew it was said that the independent Member was the Member who could not be depended upon, and so far as that meant could not be depended upon to go into any particular lobby until he had heard the arguments and made up his mind, he pleaded guilty to the charge. (Cheers.) He preferred to say that the independent Member was the Member who depended upon nobody but himself in order to make up his political mind. (Loud applause.) But still faith in one's own self-reliance was a risky thing, especially when they were up against so impregnable a rock as the Party system of government—which he supposed, next to the Church and the Law, was the greatest vested interest in the country; and when by way of make weight he added the insurance companies, the bankers and the shipowners they would see that, to use a homely phrase, he had been asking for trouble. (Laughter and cheers.) And he had not been disappointed. (Renewed laughter.) His friends when they met him after an absence of a few months looked at him wonderingly, remarked upon the fact that apparently he looked well, and expressed surprise that he was not in a lunatic asylum. Sometimes he wished he had been, because he could then be in the proud position of that member of a great audience who, differing from the rest of those present, maintained that he was the only sane person there, and by way of proof produced his certificate from the county asylum, bearing the magic words, "Discharged cured." (Much laughter.) Without that certificate, he must ask them to give him credit for normal sanity, and must express his satisfaction that, despite all these troubles and turmoils, he had not only kept his head but—what was more important—his seat. (Laughter and applause.) And through it all, despite all personal prejudice and discredit, he had the satisfaction in looking back upon those seven years of having at least added one phrase to political vocabulary in creating the cry and the demand for what he called Business Government. (Loud cheers.) He did not think there was any cry which had caught on more rapidly and more thoroughly. Sneered at, ridiculed at first, it had now become a commonplace of political controversy—they could hardly take up a newspaper or read a speech of any prominent man in which they did not find some sympathetic reference to the idea. It received some impetus a month or two ago down at East Bristol—(applause)—where they took advantage of a bye-election just to have a sort of preliminary trial of strength, and succeeded in the course of a few days in polling 3,000 votes for a Business Government candidate and giving one of the minor Ministers such a fright that he did not seem to have opened his mouth in Parliament since his re-election. (Laughter.) And he need hardly say that certain recent events of a more tragic character had given a very mighty impetus to that plea for Business management of the Public Departments. ("Hear, hear.")

PRACTICE AND PRECEPT.

What he had preached for the State he had endeavoured to practice for himself, and having recently applied what he conceived to be Business principles to his own affairs, a condition of things had arisen which had led to that meeting, and had induced him to ask their permission to make a certain statement both from a public and a personal point of view. (Applause.)

So far as the public aspect of things as they affected him went, let him say that every day he went to Parliament, every day he came into contact with the practical hard facts and affairs of life, the more he saw and studied and learned of the methods of government in the country, the more was he convinced—and he said it without any reservation or affectation—that the future prosperity of the government of the country and of the Empire depended upon a fundamental revision, if not the complete abolition, of the effete and worn out Party system of government under which they lived that day. (Loud cheers.) Only two nights before—at 11.30 on Thursday night—he sat in the House of Commons and witnessed a scene which set him thinking. 650 out of 670 Members were present—at least 200 of them total strangers to the place, no one knowing their names or their constituencies or recognising their faces—howling, shouting, jeering, cheering, gibing at each other, some waving handkerchiefs, some exchanging anything but compliments across the floor of the House. Ministers flushed with the excitement of the victory of the moment, ex-Ministers livid with rage and disappointment. As he sat there in the corner looking at that scene he could not help contrasting it with what he thought would have been the scene if two or three hundred non-Party, level-headed business men had been sitting in that chamber, grappling with the same complex problem, but applying to it the same principles as they would to any great question of difficulty arising in their own affairs. And he expressed that view to one of the best-known members of the so-called Labour Party, who said, "Oh, that's all very well, Bottomley, you know. We are always hearing about this 'ere Business Government of yours, but you have no romance and you have no imagination." And he ventured to tell that Labour Member, as he ventured to tell that meeting, that they could not govern a great commercial community by romance or imagination—the statute book was not a volume of poems, and they had got to take a practical and stern view of realities. (Loud cheers.) Party begot fanaticism—fanaticism warped the judgment and dulled the intellect, with the result that the average elector and the unsophisticated Member of Parliament simply became the tool and the plaything of the professional politician. ("Hear, hear.")

He was looking that day at some well-known lines of Mr. Lowell's in the *Biglow Papers*, which, to his mind, were as true of the political situation in that country as they were of that in America when they were written.

They exactly described what went on in their political system, but he was proud to think that he was one of the few "doughfaces" as party politicians were aptly described by Mr. Lowell, who had not "axed" anything up to the present. (Loud cheers.)

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THE SHUFFLING OF PORTFOLIOS.

He had seen, however, a good deal of the changing of places, and would just mention two or three of the remarkable things in that way which he had witnessed during the seven years he had been in Parliament. There was one Minister—they should all be anonymous—who six years ago was Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He had the post assigned to him because as a briefless young barrister it was assumed he would be an expert upon national finance and upon the various intricate considerations which had to do with the management of the treasury of the country. (Laughter.) He had not occupied the job very long, and was just appearing to be a little bit at home with it, when a vacancy occurred and he, of course, claimed his promotion, becoming Minister of Education. He introduced one Education Bill which he (Mr. Bottomley) was the only occupant of the Government benches to vote against, being reproached for his disloyalty—and within a fortnight this Minister withdrew it, on the ground that it was unworkable and unpopular. (Loud laughter and cheers.) Then, of course, he got further promotion, and was made First Lord of the Admiralty. (Renewed laughter.) The Naval destinies, the first line of defence of the country, were placed in his hands, and, not content with that rapid rate of progress, he had lately blossomed forth into the even higher position in the scale of politics of Secretary of State for the Home Department. Now those four things happening in six years, happening at their expense, in connection with the affairs of the nation, was reducing government to a burlesque. (Loud applause.) He took another distinguished politician. A year or two ago he was Under Secretary for the Colonies. He had this qualification: he had been to Africa for a week or two and therefore he did know where one of their Colonies was. (Laughter.) A short time afterwards, being a distinguished literary man, he was made President of the Board of Trade. Probably, complete as that Minister's dictionary was, and prolific as he was in phraseology, if there was one word he never used and did not like, it was the word "Trade." (Much laughter.) A little later on there was another vacancy, and he glided up into the Secretaryship of the Home Department, and then, in turn, he had charge of the destiny of the Navy.

To take a last illustration: A perky young gentleman, after holding a minor post, blossomed forth into the position of Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Then he became Minister of Education, and quite recently—and much to his own surprise—they made him President of the Board of Agriculture. It happened, most unfortunately for himself, that his appointment came about a week before the Cattle Show, and it chanced to be the fact that traditionally during that week the President of the Board of Agriculture was officially at home to receive any practical farmer who cared to honour him with a visit to discuss the agricultural problems of the nation. The young Minister rather shied at that, and cancelled the arrangement, and when he (Mr. Bottomley) ventured to ask him in the House why he had done it, with unconscious irony he said he was too busy running about the country in order to learn something about the duties of his office. (Laughter.)

AGRICULTURAL HUMOUR.

In order to show them how quickly he had got on—this incident was not mentioned in the Press, but was taken from the Official Debates—a day or two ago a Member of Parliament (Mr. Bathurst), who is a great authority on agricultural questions and got very enthusiastic about foot and mouth disease and interesting topics of that kind, addressed a conundrum to the new President. He wanted to know all about a certain disease, called Johnes's, and received a very long and learned reply—read from a carefully prepared official document. He thought, "Well, that would be a poser for even an older expert than you." The House saw the right hon. gentleman knew all about it, that he took every means to understand this common disease, and knew every single thing about it. Now it would all have passed off very nicely but for one little incident, and he (Mr. Bottomley) was not sure that, indirectly, he was not responsible for it, he being supposed to be constantly embarrassing Ministers. He somehow passed the suggestion round, and a certain practical Scotch gentleman got up, and after a moment's thought said: "Would the right hon. gentleman mind stating what is Johnes's disease?" What did they think the answer was? The Minister did not look so confident; he got up, and after a moment's thought said, "I would like notice of that question." (Loud and prolonged laughter.)

ORIGIN OF PARTY NAMES.

He did not think he had ever seen the origin of these names mentioned. They knew the common names "Conservative" and "Liberal" were relatively recent—they arose after the Reform Bill agitation of last century, and were simply a continuation of the old Party names of "Tory" and "Whig." It was an interesting fact that each of these names had a Celtic origin, in one case indicating "pack-saddle thief," and in the other a "mountain raider." (Laughter.) That meant a sort of politician who came down from the mountains—Welsh or otherwise—and raided hen-roosts or any other property. (Much laughter.) He reminded the leaders of both Parties of those genealogical facts, which they were too apt to lose sight of.

The whole thing was decadent and sleepy. When papers like the *Daily Mail*, the *Express*, the *Evening News* and others of that kind started they foresaw this; they saw their readers did not want much time or space given to the utterances of Members of Parliament, and except when one called another a liar or insulted the Speaker, or there was any incident of that kind to which could be attached the headline, "Scene in the House," no serious report was attempted of the proceedings in Parliament. ("Hear, hear.") *The Times* the other week commented—so did *Truth*, and so did *Punch*—upon the fact that even during the recent Home Rule Debate—which, whatever its merits was supposed to be a subject stirring the minds on one side or the other of the people—the House was half empty.

PARLIAMENTARY APATHY.

He could assure them that some of the greatest speeches they had recently read and applauded in their papers were delivered to empty benches. He could not help contrasting that state of things with what he himself witnessed in 1886 and 1893, when hundreds of Members crushed round the doors to get into the House, when the galleries were crowded to suffocation, and when the Speaker had to put chairs all along the gangway of the House to accommodate some of the extra Members who honoured the assembly on that occasion with their presence—because it was one of the peculiarities of their Parliamentary system that the House of Commons was built to hold only 400 out of the 670 who were entitled to go there. (Laughter.) The House of Commons, his experience told him, was an almost played-out institution—it was the mere creature of the Executive, with no independent will, no independent action—and he attributed that entirely to the injurious effects of the Party system. ("Hear, hear.")

Not only was it a decaying, but—though the suggestion might come to them as a novel one—he was not sure that it was not an illegal assembly. They had all heard of a sovereign who once reigned over these dominions, called Queen Anne—she was famous mainly for the fact that she was dead. (Laughter.) She had, however, almost as great a claim to fame as the founder of a special bounty for poor clergymen. But Queen Anne never intended Ministers of the Crown and Members of Parliament to enjoy a bounty except on the express condition that the people whom they were supposed to represent should acquiesce in their appointments and in their emoluments; and so in her reign an Act was passed under which every Member of Parliament who became the holder of any office of profit under the Crown was bound to vacate his seat and go to his constituents before he could remain a Member of the House. Thus, every now and then, there were by-elections when Ministers were appointed to their offices. But recently Members of the House of Commons, having nothing much to do at the moment, suddenly were struck with the bright idea of voting themselves an annual salary of £400—it was not as much as it ought to have been, but still it was something to go on with in those hard times—and if that did not make them holders of offices of profit under the Crown, the English language had no meaning. ("Hear, hear.") The point had never been tested, but as an amateur lawyer—(cheers)—that was to say, a lawyer without a licence, that was all it came to—(laughter)—he did not hesitate to say that every Act of the House of Commons since they voted themselves that £400 a year was null and void, and if anyone did not want to pay his taxes or obey the Insurance Act or close his shop on one day a week at some inconvenient hour—("Hear hear")—he could defy the Government and put it to the magistrate that the House of Commons was an illegal body. If authority was asked, he could say "Bottomley"—(laughter and cheers)—and, if necessary, he (the speaker) would come and argue the point for him. (Renewed cheers.) It was no good raising such questions in the House of Commons—there was a regular understanding between both sides to keep the game going.

THE BOGUS BOARD.

They knew how some four or five years ago he started an enquiry—a most inconvenient enquiry—into the constitution of these so-called Boards which governed them. They knew how, in season and out of season, at almost every meeting he addressed and from week to week in his own particular journal, he had taken the Board of Trade as the one crowning example of the ludicrous and inadequate protection which was given to the trade and commerce of the country. ("Hear, hear.") He had ridiculed the constitution of a Board of Trade consisting of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons—(laughter)—and they had had recently a ghastly awakening to the truth of his criticisms. ("Hear, hear.") It was not a pleasant reflection—he derived small satisfaction from it—but there was the fact that at that moment the whole world was standing aghast at the greatest maritime disaster in history. He had read pulpit platitudes about it being a "Providential" lesson and rebuke for the luxury and extravagance of the age. But when he pictured 156 helpless women and little children struggling for their lives in the water and a thousand almost

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penniless emigrants meeting an agonising death under the circumstances of that wreck, he preferred to seek some other explanation than the ecclesiastical one—("Hear, hear")—although it might be, as he had said elsewhere, a timely reminder that all their boasted science and invention and civilisation itself was but a perilous gamble with the unseen and unknown forces of Nature. Those great leviathans which aroused their admiration in the boldness of their construction were but toys in the hands of Neptune, to be broken at his will. Still, he thought the real lesson was that they had had an incompetent, bogus Board of Trade looking after the interests of their commerce, and he thought the catastrophe had come as a terrible shock to the public mind—they had had driven home to them the revelations which he had been endeavouring to preach, in season and out of season, for the last five years.

Two years ago, when the sister ship to the *Titanic*, the *Olympic*, was being built, his attention was called to the limited life-boat accommodation. He raised the question in Parliament, and was met with the usual "official" answer—there was the full statutory provision, everything was all right. And now they found on investigation that those Regulations for life-boat accommodation—for the safety of the passengers, for the efficiency of the life-boats and rafts and everything else—they found those Regulations had remained practically unrevised for upwards of twenty years, whilst the tonnage of the vessels had risen from 10,000 to 50,000, and the whole conditions of the merchant shipping service had undergone complete revolution. They would not get a Business Board of Trade acting in that way. ("Hear, hear.") He did not want to prejudice the Inquiry which was going on. They had an elaborate list of questions submitted for the learned Commissioner to decide, but the one real question was omitted, and that was: Were the Regulations of the Board of Trade adequate to meet the requirements of modern shipping? ("Hear, hear.") And here they had the very Board of Trade which were really on trial conducting and controlling the whole investigation, deciding what witnesses should be called, regulating the whole proceedings, ultimately having the Report of the Commissioner made to itself, and deciding how far and when, where and under what circumstances it should be made public. ("Shame!") It was a terrible revelation. ("Hear, hear.") It ridiculed the old boast of Britannia ruling the waves; it undermined their national reputation for being the first maritime Power in the world, and all he could say was that Britannia, if she ruled the waves, ruled them as badly as the Government ruled her. ("Hear, hear.")

Labour Neglecting Immediate Duty.

He had been wondering once or twice lately what that particular section in the House of Commons which was charged with the express protection of the interests of the workers of the country had been doing all the time to protect those stokers, firemen and sailors who lose their lives in a catastrophe of that description. He did not want to make offensive personal references to anyone—the criticisms applied to all Parties, at all times. But two or three days ago he was sitting in the House of Commons and the present leader of the Labour Party—the nominal leader, the Chairman—got up to ask a question. He (Mr. Bottomley) thought, "Now this is going to be something going to the very root of this *Titanic* matter; we shall hear all about it now." A hush fell on the House, and he said: "I wish to ask the Secretary of State for the Colonies whether he is now in a position to make a statement as to whether the Masai are moving northwards from their present territory." (Loud laughter.) He thought that seemed a bit remote from any pressing Labour problem of the day, and then the white-haired venerable ex-leader, with the red tie and the velvet coat—(laughter)—got up. He looked very learned, and asked a string of questions about Khan Bahadur Khawaja Muhammad Khan of Hoti. (Laughter.) He could read them some more: those were the sort of questions which the Labour leaders had been busy asking Ministers lately. ("Shame!")

As he sat in the House and listened to these things he did not wonder that the idea of a Business Government was catching on, and that people were beginning to say, "Well, it cannot be worse than the present Party system, and the sooner we give it a trial the better." (Cheers.) His duty that night, however, was not to go through the arguments for Business Government—one wanted no better argument than that of the Board of Trade, having regard to recent events. But he was impressed, by something which was mentioned quite recently in the House, with the necessity for a Business Treasury. He supposed they were all too busy or doing too well to have noticed the ever-increasing amount which the Government collected from them. To quote some of the figures which were mentioned in the House of Commons the other day: In 1872 was collected from them two millions for what was called Education; they knew what Education was—it was telling them about the beneficent pig—(loud laughter)—two millions was collected from them for that. Last year they were asked for and obliged with 20 millions. In 1872 they were asked for and gladly gave 15 millions for the Army; last year 30 millions was taken for them. In 1872 9½ millions was requested for the Navy—last year 44 millions was demanded. In 1905, when the present Government came into power, and he—comparatively unsophisticated at the time—believed the leaflets which he used to read to his constituents, they promised, and he promised, that one of the first things they were going to do was to reduce the enormous national expenditure, then standing at 149 millions, to its late level of ten years previously, 100 millions. He had just had the Budget presented to him, which he was considering, and under it they were asking for 185 millions—that was, a rise of 45 millions in six years. ("Shame!")

The Burden of the Income Tax.

He did not know how much longer they were going to stand the income-tax and where any increase was going to be got in time of war or national emergency. In addition to putting it up to the highest level at which it stood in times of war in the history of the country, a super-tax had been put on incomes of upwards of £5,000, which just left the Ministers of the Crown and Judges out—(laughter)—and that despite the fact that they had recently been indulging in a somewhat wholesale increase of their own salaries. A Business Treasury would look into these things and wonder whether there were not new sources of revenue somewhere, such as Dormant Balances and Unclaimed Securities in the hands of bankers and things of that kind, which might very well be looked after. ("Hear, hear.") A Business Government would hesitate before intertering with the hours of closing shops—it would leave them to adjust that with their own employés, in their own way. ("Hear, hear.") And he did not think it would even endeavour to make them thrifty by Act of Parliament, because it could not be done. If it was wanted to give the people 9d. for 4d., let them do it in the way a shrewd northcountryman once suggested, when he said, "I will take the odd 5d. and have done with it." (Laughter.) On some other occasion he would have ample opportunity of elaborating all the arguments in favour of that Business Government, which was crystallised in one thing which he was always advocating—that as soon as a man or a woman reached adult age, he or she should be furnished with a Certificate of Citizenship, defining their duties and their obligations as citizens of a great city. ("Hear, hear.")

He had been hammering away at all these things, as they knew, during that six years, and he did not think it was any disclosure to say that he had been considerably handicapped in that work by circumstances which had been very much the subject of publicity in recent times. He left the City some seven years ago, in his innocence thinking that he could leave the whole of his commercial interests definitely behind him, and devote such energies and faculties as he possessed to the service of the community. But he soon found that he was a little premature; he found that there was a vulnerable joint in his armour, which his enemies were not slow to discover. Having been connected with a considerable number of undertakings—some he was proud to think, happy to think, remarkably successful, and some in the ordinary course of things otherwise, but on the whole sufficiently successful that anybody who had followed him throughout would have no serious cause of complaint—he found that a man who set himself upon the pinnacle and the pedestal of public life with any serious business interests, especially if connected with joint stock enterprise and unless they were of a purely personal character, simply became the target for abuse and persecution and for blackmail.

Legal Vampires.

A type of City attorney throve upon the carcases of dead companies—a sort of legal ghoul, who was always opening the coffins of buried concerns in the hope of getting his dirty teeth into a little flesh, however putrid, which might still be hanging to the bones. And he was assisted in that policy by a scandalous condition of the law, which, in the case of a public man, was a weapon he never failed to use—by which any charges might be hurled in the form of legal proceedings, and even if he failed to substantiate them, and even although he ultimately asked leave to withdraw them, there was no obligation to pay damages for the injury he had done to the reputation of that public man ("Shame!") He (Mr. Bottomley) had just introduced a little Bill into Parliament which provided that when any man in the course of legal proceedings charged another man with fraud and failed to substantiate it or even sought to withdraw it, he should be liable like anybody else to an action for damages for libel. ("Hear, hear.") Such people were assisted sometimes by the present remarkable jury system. They were supposed ever since the days of Magna Charta to be entitled to trial by their peers, and yet they might find themselves, as he had found himself, confronted by a jury consisting mainly of aliens, most of whom could scarcely speak the English language. That was a state of things which, again, ought to be altered, and he had introduced a little Bill to give every British citizen the right to be tried by a jury consisting exclusively of British citizens. (Cheers.) In that way he had been struggling more or less in a sea of litigation during all those years, and it had been rather hard work to keep the two things going and concurrently to carry on his journalistic interests and live his ordinary life.

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And then he had not improved things by his nasty knack of running full steam ahead against great and powerful institutions. In the course of his journalistic work he made a great many enemies, and one of them—it was common knowledge—was a very powerful, very wealthy Insurance Company. He would not be unsportsmanlike enough to say a word against any institution or any person behind their backs, without giving them the opportunity of defending themselves. But when he had publicly for twelve months or more said what he was saying then, he did not think that there was anything unsportsmanlike in repeating it if no action had been taken against him. He had, rightly or wrongly, as they knew, charged this particular powerful institution with the crime of robbing the poor. ("So they do!") Whatever might be said of him, that could not be said. ("Hear, hear" and loud cheers.) He had never taken the pennies out of the blind man's cup or out of the children's money-box. ("Hear, hear.") All his thieving—if he had been guilty of thievery—had been dignified. (Cheers and laughter.) They saw he was not posing as a saint in this matter—but it was the cruellest of all frauds to rob the thrifty poor. ("Hear, hear.") And it was because he had made these charges, because he had neither been sued nor prosecuted for libel, that he had come to loggerheads with this great and powerful institution, and his relations with it rather led up to what he wanted to say in a moment.

Willing to Wound, Afraid to Strike.

He did his best to drag that great Corporation into Court. He could not succeed; the more he abused them, the more he libelled them, the more thick-skinned they seemed to become. Ultimately, he thought he had an opportunity of dragging them into Court himself, by virtue of something they had said in a circular to their agents, and he issued a writ against them for libel, hoping in that way to get them into Court and in that way, indirectly, to have an opportunity of ventilating some of those charges. But he was met with a defence which raised the plea of what was called "privilege," and his legal instinct told him that that plea would be fatal to his action, and so he had to discontinue it. The result was that that Company was entitled to prepare and tax its bill of costs, which a sympathetic Taxing Master allowed at what seemed to him the somewhat liberal sum of £1,500 for the preliminary stages of an action which never came into Court. However, there it was, and worried and distressed as he was at the time by those various other matters to which he had referred, he felt the time had come to draw the line somewhere, and so on the very day that that claim arose he sought personal sanctuary in the Law Courts for the protection of his estate, and he called together, as he was bound to do, everybody having any claim upon him. He put forward a proposal to them honourably intended to satisfy all their claims in full, and he need scarcely say that with practically this one exception they readily acquiesced in that proposition, and the papers came out with the somewhat startling heading, "Creditors Cheer Mr. Bottomley." They said, as indeed the officials at the Bankruptcy Court said, that it was the first time in their experience that they had seen a body of creditors stand up and giving three cheers for the debtor who owed them the money. (Applause.) But there was this one sullen creditor in the background, who, although the claim, as he had told them, was only £1,500, said that it was against the interests of public morality—that from the Prudential Company, the body which had been accused by him, and dared not prosecute him for it, of fraudulent practices and of robbery of the poor. ("Shame!") They spent some £10,000 and employed an army of assistants to take advantage of the public examination he recently had to undergo for the purpose of raking up every conceivable incident in his private, or business, or public life, and of throwing mud at every undertaking with which he was identified. They brought down most eminent and distinguished counsel, who availed himself to the full of those privileges which were accorded to members of the Bar to act as chartered slanderers, free from legal responsibility for the cruel libels they hurled at a man helpless in Court and unable to obtain any redress against them. ("Shame!") Incidentally he might mention that that was another little Bill he had introduced—a Bill to define and limit the privileges of counsel, and he thought every man and woman throughout the land who had been witness or litigant would be grateful to him for that measure of protection. ("Hear, hear.")

A Legal Luminary's Lost Lustre.

That particular company went to that enormous expenditure for the purpose of painting him before the public in his true colours. (Laughter.) He hoped they considered that they got value for the money, he hoped that the distinguished Counsel considered that his conduct of the case had enhanced his reputation and practice at the Bar. He had not, however, seen the gentleman's name so frequently in the papers since—they would probably have to make a judge of him, as they did in a previous case in which distinguished Counsel allowed feeling to rather override his judgment in the conduct of a case in which he was concerned. (Laughter.) If they were satisfied, he did not complain. He had had his examination: he stood revealed before all of them in the light of those terrible disclosures, and now the present position of affairs was that the date was rapidly approaching when he had to do one of two things—he must either go to the Court, under the provisions of the law, for its formal sanction of the proposal to which he had referred, or he must intimate that he did not intend to proceed with it. In the former case, if the Court approved the proposal there was an end of the whole proceedings, and all the interested parties other than that one particularly vindictive one would have their way. On the other hand he had to undergo a second edition of that mud throwing, insult and slander to which he was subjected for some ten days a few weeks ago, and even then it was conceivable that a thousand and one technical objections might be urged, which might result in his being invited by the Court, as the law provides for, to make various amendments in his proposals and then bring them up again. So far as that was concerned, it was not a prospect that he looked forward to with any degree of satisfaction, and not one which he felt called upon to undergo. ("Hear, hear.") Whatever proposals he put forward, so far as he was concerned, if ever they came before the Court would have to be taken or left. But, as he said, he had to consider how far, in consistency with his own self-respect and his own dignity and his own other avocations, he was going to gratify the venom of those people in again hurling bucketsful of filth at his head under the protection of privilege, which was secured until his Bill became law. (Applause.)

The other alternative was that he withdrew his proposal and took that full protection which the law gave him against those claims, which he certainly could do without any conscientious scruples, inasmuch as there was not one amongst them in regard to which he felt under any moral obligation. ("Hear, hear.") That, of course, meant that he would have to submit to a withdrawal, the duration of which it was impossible to estimate, from Parliamentary life.

A Missionary of Business?

He was now actively and seriously considering the two alternatives. He had said enough about the impressions he had gained during those seven years in Parliament to indicate to them that he should not feel the wrench quite so much as a more orthodox M.P. might. He was not at all sure that outside the House for a time—on the platform and in the Press—he could not continue his work as effectively as inside. After all, the House of Commons was a difficult body to reform from within; it was protected by very different watertight compartments from those of the *Titanic*, and it might be that it could be best ripped open from outside by the icebergs of cold commonsense. (Cheers.)

He was considering those two propositions, and he was not prepared that night to say more than that he was growing a little weary of those incessant legal troubles, that incessant painting of him in the eyes of the public as a man very different from that which he knew himself to be, and he was rather yearning for the freedom and the opportunity of speaking his mind and doing his work in his own way. He would not very long defer his decision, but when it came he was sure they would all appreciate that it must be given in the first instance to those loyal constituents who had stood by him for the last seven years—(cheers)—and whose affair it primarily was.

If it should be that for purely personal matters, and applying to them those principles of Business which he preached for other people and which he ought not to ignore in his own case in fairness to himself and others who were associated with him—if that should be the case, then they might rest assured that they would very shortly hear of him again. (Loud cheers.)

"Wanted, A Man!"

He should not only keep his eyes open, but also his ears; because the more he saw of public life, the more he saw of the signs and portents of the times, the more he saw of the certain and sure development of those great problems which were coming to the front—so in those early days of that Twentieth Century the more he thought that above all the din and turmoil of Party and sectarian strife he heard a certain call, dim at present but ever getting more distinct—a call in commonplace, hackneyed but eloquent words, which he thought would ultimately be the voice of the whole country. It seemed to his mind to say simply, "Wanted, a Man!" (Loud and continued cheers.) And he believed that with a few more awakenings—another *Titanic* disaster, more interference with their liberty, more taxation, more inroads upon their trade, more challenging of their naval strength, more abuse of their open ports, and a few more things of that kind—that cry would grow and grow till all Parties, all sects and all creeds, in a time of great national emergency, would make it their battle-cry—"Wanted, a Man!" (Renewed cheers.) When that cry went forth, in those days—perhaps after a little time, with a more mellow judgment and with that great experience and those great qualifications which no man could get better than by passing through the waters of tribulation—("Hear, hear")—the very much maligned and misunderstood individual who then addressed them might be an applicant for the job. (Loud and prolonged cheers, during which Mr. Bottomley resumed his seat.)

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 650.*

THE GUEST OF THE EVENING.

EXEMPLARY TOASTS WITH SUGGESTED RESPONSES.

By Walter Moore.

President Taft.

Gentlemen: I dare say it greatly surprised you to hear that President Taft—(cheers)—would be our guest to-night. How he has managed to get here during the time the desperate preliminaries of a Presidential Election are taking place in the United States, is his secret. I will not attempt to extract it from him; but I fancy he has left behind him a lifelike effigy of himself provided internally with a powerful gramophone which is supplied by someone in the secret with suitable records denunciatory of, if not damnatory to, ex-President Roosevelt. (Cheers.) But this is neither here nor there. President Taft *is* here, however, and that is the only thing that matters at the moment. (Loud applause.) I am glad to hear those cheers. Our guest will appreciate them. They will fall like balm upon his sorely-wounded spirit, torn and flayed by his quondam —(cries of "Accent on the 'dam,'" and much laughter)— by his quon*dam* friend the ex-President, who, offending against all the canons of conduct that regulate the practice of politics in the United States and keep them an example of purity before the world—(loud laughter)—has once more entered the "ring"—this time in opposition to his successor, to elect whom he did so much—President Taft—our guest. (Cries of "Shame!")

Now, gentlemen, I shall presently ask you to drink President Taft's health. Not because he is the political head of a great and growing nation, not because your sympathies are excited on his behalf on account of the treatment that is being meted out to him at the moment by the ex-President—but, gentlemen, because in President Taft we see a man who has recently done our nation a very real, if unconscious, or at least unintended, service. I refer, of course, to his startling disclosure of the deep Yankee designs upon our Canadian Dominion—luckily frustrated by the fortuitous return to power of a Conservative government at Ottawa. I say "*deep* Yankee designs" advisedly. (Cheers.) A commercial reciprocity agreement was to be effected between Canada and the United States. A commercial reciprocity treaty appears on the face of it to be a harmless sort of instrument. But in this case the United States had a deeper design behind it. It was intended to be used in such a fashion that in due course Canada would become a mere adjunct of the United States. (Shouts of "Shame!") Don't get excited, gentlemen. We can scarcely blame the United States. They have had every encouragement from a certain large section of the Canadian public, who express their loyalty to the Mother Country by means of their nasal parrot-cry, "No Englishman need apply." But it has taught *us* a lesson. It has exposed to *us* some of the tortuosities of the Yankee political character. Other peculiarities of the Yankee mind were exhibited recently at Washington. (Loud laughter and cries of "Good old Smith!") But President Taft's exposure of the hopes and intentions of the States has proved that it will be necessary for us in future to examine with microscopic care the most innocent-appearing commercial treaty or agreement that may originate at Washington. Now we know. (Cheers.) We are getting on—in the new style, as Mr. Asquith said—the new international style adopted by the stalwart offspring of an earlier Britain, namely, the Machiavellian policy of trying to take advantage of the Mother Country, the traditional home, by scooping a rise out of another and weaker of her children. Gentlemen, I give you President Taft! (Applause.)

The President Responds.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I'm real pleased to be here to-night. I've just slipped over to get a breather while Teddy works off some more of his brainstorm. I did not expect quite such a warm welcome; and when I disclosed the letter relating to the Canadian reciprocity agreement I scarcely thought my action would be appreciated on this side. But now I see the point of view you look at it from. I'm glad to have been of service to England, and appreciate the hearty way in which you have toasted my health.

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ANTICIPATED EPITAPHS.

[In this column we give from week to week an anticipatory —always good-humoured—Epitaph of some celebrity of the day. We need scarcely say we hope it will be many years before his relatives will have to consider seriously our suggestion.]

Thys
Tablette
Was ereckted
By
Hys admyrers, and others,
Toe perpettuate ye memorie
Of

Ye Rygbt Honourable Sydney Charles Buxton,

Prefidente
For a whyle
Of
YE BOARD OF TRAYDE.
Hee was borne
Anno Domini 1853,
Ye sonne of a Member of Parlymonte,
Therebye inherytynge
A tafte and eke an aptitude
For
Ye circumloquçions, evaçions, and
Ridickulous and irritatynge tortuofities
Of
Partie Politicks.
From ye fyrft
Hee shaped hys careere
As if hee was aware of ye hygh deftinie,
Toe witte
YE BOARD OF TRAYDE,
Thatte awayted hym:
Thatte is toe saie,
Hee was educated atte Clifton and Cambridge,
Became a Member of ye London Schoole Board,
Ackted as Honararie Seckretarie
Toe
Mifter Tuke's Fund
(Whatever thatte may have been)
Joyned ye Royale Commifsion on Educaçion,
And
Satte on ye Income Tax Committee,
Butte Notte,
Alas!
On ye Income Tax.
Hee didde manie other thynges befydes,
Suche as runnynge ye Poft Office,
And wrytnge a booke on Shootynge and Fyshynge,
Soe itt will bee seene
Thatte whenne hee became Prefidente of
YE BOARD OF TRAYDE,
Confyftynge of
Ye Speaker of ye Irifh Houfe of Commons
And
Ye Archbifhopp of Canterburie,
Hee was jollie well equipped for ye jobbe.
Butte,
Alas for hys reputaçion,
Hee negleckted repeated warnynges
And fayled to see thatte all Britysh shippes
Were provyded wyth a suffiçience of
LIFE BOATS:
And whenne ye *Titanick*
Wente downe,
Hee
And hys mythyckal Board of Trayde
Wente downe to even lower depths
In ye eftimaçion of ye publick.
And such was hys politickal end.

* * * *

Grieve notte o'er muche, nor lette your bosom bleede—
Where Buxton fayled another may succeede;
And oute of evil and onne hys negleckt
A Board thatte *is* a Board of Trayde ereckt.
Butte styll, whatever goode may be achieved,
'Twill brynge small comfort untoe ye berieved.

THE MAN OF MYSTERY

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REMARKABLE EVIDENCE.

Blackburn.

Dear Sir,—I have studied well your Analysis of my Character, and I do really believe that you are perfectly correct. I should indeed like to strengthen these weaknesses which you have pointed out. Thanking you for kindness, —I remain, yours very sincerely, E. H.

Glasgow.

Dear Mr. Spencer-Wallis,—In reply to your letter concerning my Character Study, I must say you have told me the truth in every detail of your study. I seem to be changed for the good since I consulted you.

Yours truly, R. B.

Limerick.

Dear Mr. Wallis,—I am in receipt of yours, enclosing the free Character Analysis, which has taken me completely by surprise, as one would think you knew me all my lifetime.

Yours very sincerely, T. H. B.

London.

Dear Sir,—I have received the Character Study, which I think very wonderful. I would not have believed it possible that anyone that had not come into personal contact with me could have told me so truly about my own characteristics. Yours sincerely, E. S. F.

Tunbridge Wells.

Dear Mr. Wallis,—Thank you for the Character Study received last week. It shows much that I was only partly conscious of before in myself, and I think you have given me a wonderfully true Study in many ways.

Yours very truly, W. H.

A GENEROUS CONCESSION.

Mr. Spencer-Wallis has offered to forgo his usual fee of one guinea, and help all those who consult him in answer to this article free of charge. Those who can afford and wish to may enclose five penny stamps to cover secretarial expenses. All you have to do is to send either photograph or specimen of handwriting—both if you wish. Just keep to your ordinary style of writing in order to ensure a true delineation. Address your application (fully signed, with addressed return envelope enclosed, and five penny stamps) to Mr. Spencer-Wallis, 72, Douglas Rooms, 31-32, Maiden Lane, London, W.C.

HIS LATEST WORK.

Apart from the free advice, Mr. Spencer-Wallis will present a complimentary copy of his latest work, the "Scientific Elimination of Failure," to all those who write to him within ten days. It must be strictly understood, however, that those who write later are not entitled to this additional present.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

[Being Conversations in a West-End Barber's Shop, Overheard by our Reporter.]

Baron Marschall von Bieberstein.

Mornin', sir. . . . 'Air cuttin' ? . . . Very good, sir. . . . Beg pardon, sir, but you're a German gent if I ain't mistaken. . . . Thought so, sir. . . . I usually knows a Tootun when I see one. . . . Use'ter work in a lager beer 'all in So-'o afore I took up 'airdressin'. I always 'ave said, if you carn't tell a German by 'is face; you can by 'is feet. . . . No, sir; I ain't got no particler ill-will towards the Germans, although, minjer, they *do* try the temper of us English. There won't never be no proper friendly unnerstandin' between the two nations s'long as German bands is allowed to come over 'ere and kick up a row in our streets. It don't condooce to friendly feelin'. . . . 'Ow'll that do for short, sir? . . . Thank you, sir. . . . I 'ear there's to be a noo German Ambassader in London shortly, if 'e ain't arrived already. . . . Baron Marschall von Bieberstein 'e calls 'isself, and 'e's sposed to be comin' over to see if 'e can erstablish a kinder *ontont caudal* between us an' Germany. . . . There's only one way to do that, sir. . . . Why, let Germany stop buildin' 'er big navy, o' course! . . . Nothink else will bring about no *ontont*—not if the Emperor Bill sends over all the Barons and vons and whatnots in Germany. . . . I see a rumour in the papers that we're goin' to give up Zanzibar or Walfisch

Bay! . . . Don't you believe it, sir. . . . Not hus! . . . Why should we? We don't owe Germany no territory. . . . We don't owe 'er nothink 'cept a good 'ard knock for makin' us spend between forty and fifty millions of money hevery year on our fleet. . . . You'll excuse me speakin' so plain, sir, seein' as you are a Tootun yourself, but it's jest as well there shouldn't be no misunnerstandin'. . . . Although I'm 'on'y a barber, wot I thinks about Germany the biggest 'arf of England thinks too, and the biggest 'arf of England won't cotton on to the idea of makin' German Billy a present of Zanzibar or Walfisch Bay. . . . That's all very well so far as it goes, sir; but don't you make no errer about the English Gov'ment. They don't reprersent the masses of the English people—not a bit of it. . . . A lot o' party 'acks with the party w'ip keepin' them on the 'op in an' out the division lobby. . . . Brilliantine, sir? . . . Then wot about the British subjects wot live in Zanzibar? . . . Arn't they to 'ave no say in the matter? . . . If I wos a-livin' in Zanzibar and you wos to arsk me wether I should like to be 'anded over to the Tootun an' become a German—well, you know wot *my* answer would be. . . . No, sir; wot John Bull said is the on'y way to put things straight between England an' Germany. . . . Wot was that? . . . W'y, to tell your country to leave orf keepin' on buildin' ships—or else blow 'em outer the water! . . .

No tip from that blinkin' Tootun, Bill. . . . Goo' job too; I don't want it. Funny if 'e should 'appen to be that Baron Marschall wot I wos talkin' to 'im about, wouldn't it? . . . You're right, mate.

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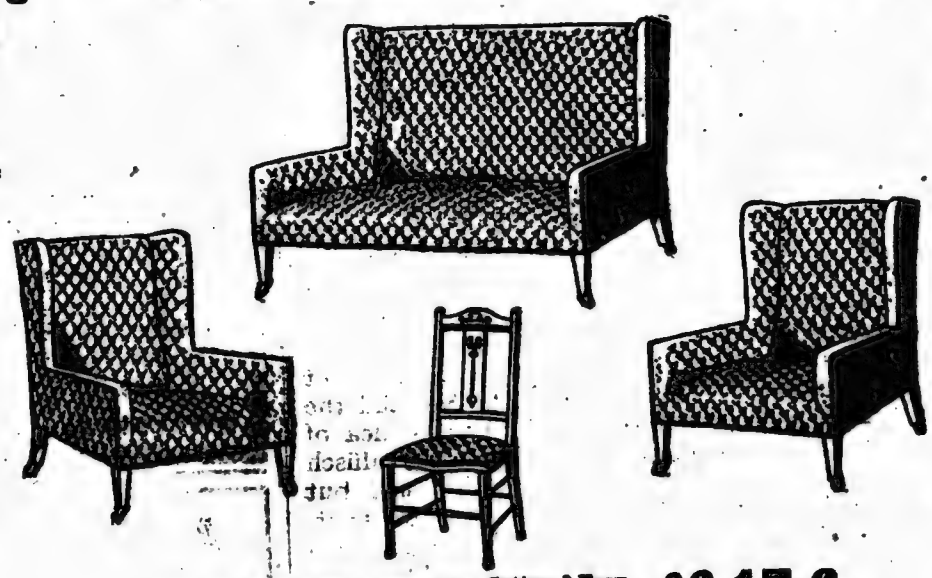

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DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"Love—and What Then?"

Mr. Macdonald Hastings has concocted a most delicious dish to set before the Playhouse visitors. It is made of "sugar and spice, and all things nice," yet the hand which has moulded "Love—and What Then?" although foreign to the ordinary tricks and usual way of "mixing," has used his golden spoon of wit with so much care that the result is a feast of fun rich and bountiful that should please the most fastidious. Unfortunately, the superficial critic existing at the present time has acquired a habit of sneering at novelties which spring from refreshing fountains of exhilarating waters, because the stream happens to be tasteless to their disordered palates. What bathos! Why shouldn't a dramatist strike out a different line for himself? Why should he be governed by the everlasting "rules of the road"? If he sees a short and extremely pleasant cut down a bright flower-fringed lane, must he pass it by and continue the same monotonous, dusty highway? Now Mr. Hastings has not only discovered a charming pathway of his own, which he leads us along, but he has so neatly and daintily ornamented it that you could wander about it for hours and never feel weary. There is a general chorus at the finish of "Oh, is this the end? I want it to go on and not stop here!" which expresses most eloquently the universal feeling created by "Love—and What Then?" The whimsicalities of Cyril Maude, as the Bishop of Munbridge, are greeted with peals of laughter, the brilliant dialogue that takes place between Gayer Mackay, as the Vicar of Bellden, Miss Margery Maude, his pretty little wife, and Miss Frances Ivor, tells us that we are listening to the work of an enthusiast, following in the footsteps of his idol, William Schwenk Gilbert. And was this lost genius scoffed at, I ask you, when his earlier and somewhat formless efforts were seen for the first time in public? No! Gilbert received encouragement. So should young Macdonald Hastings. His "Love—and What Then?" has fulfilled its mission admirably. The people are amused, so *que voulez vous, mes amis?*

TO THE FIRST HOUSE-FLY OF THE SEASON.

Persistently annoying little creature,
Now buzzing by my ears, before my eyes,
Determined to explore my every feature,
As is the irritating way of flies,—
Is loneliness your one prevailing feeling
Until in swarms your tardy comrades come
To play their game of "touch" beneath the ceiling
And craze me with their hum?

Why do you haunt my head?—for aye returning
To that bare patch which time and toil have worn—
Indifferent to my spasmodic spurning,
Treating my wildest grabs and slaps with scorn?
Why *do* you haunt my head? There's little *on* it,—
My crowning glory, brains, I keep within;
Look here, if you get hurt—well, you begun it,
D—n!—thought I'd got you then!

I thought I'd got you,—but why should *I* slay you?
For perils dire and deadly you await;
In every room hang papers to waylay you,
Poisonous liquors lurk on many a plate.
Buzz on; I'll let you take the risks with others,
Your life is brief at best, and then—ta-ta!
Confound! At last! You'll never see your brother,
Musca domestica!

M.

Edison, the great inventor, declares that it will not be long before all office furniture is made of steel, indeed, that metal is already replacing wood to a remarkable extent. Practically all our modern structures are being built of steel and concrete, and in many of them we find steel window frames, steel doors, steel roll-top desks, steel filing-cabinets, steel chairs, and so on. Business men, in fact, are beginning to realise—the matter having been forced upon their notice by recent destructive fires, particularly that at the Equitable Life Building in New York, at which £4,000,000 damage was done—that the use of wood places not only their business in jeopardy, but the lives of their employees as well.

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(From the *Household Friend.*)

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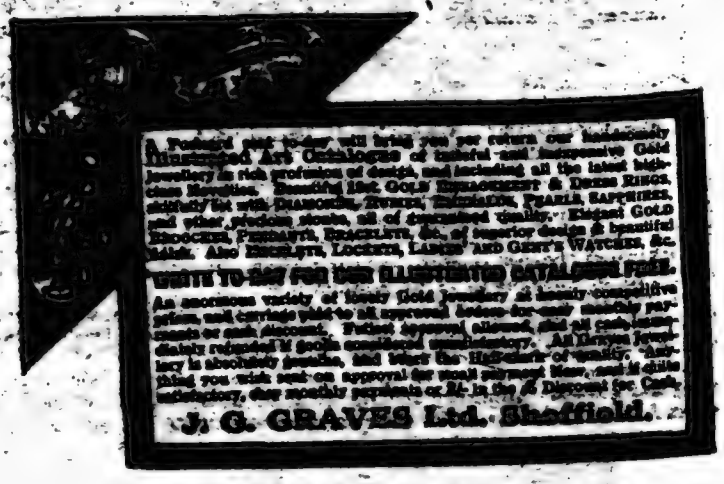
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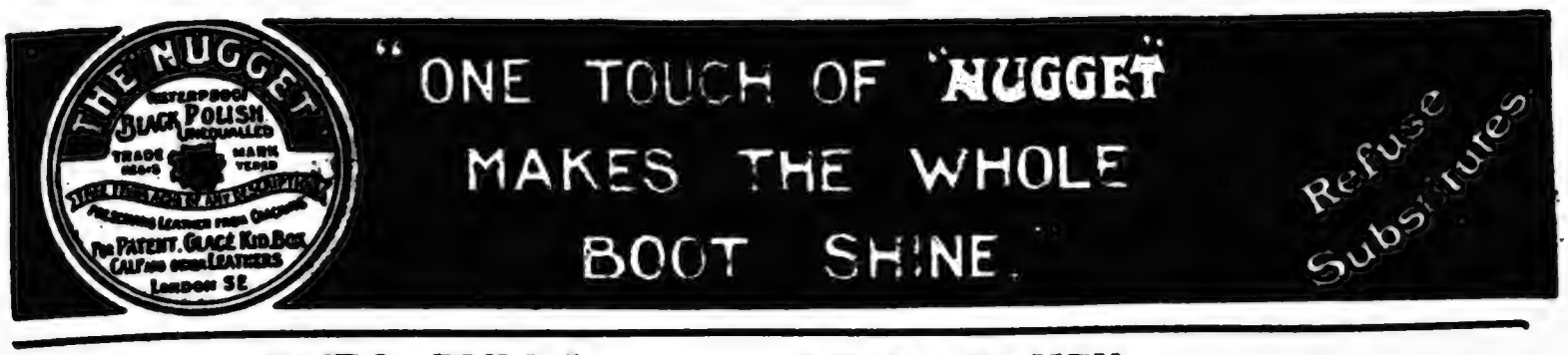

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—*Neuritis.*	—*Noises in Ears.*
—*Hysteria.*	—*Morbid Fears.*
—*Brain Fag.*	—*Lassitude.*
—*Sciatica.*	—*Nervous Indigestion.*
—*Cramps.*	—*Poorness of Blood.*
—*Anæmia.*	—*Frequent Headaches.*

The presence of these symptoms implies that your Nerve Cells and Blood are being slowly starved. They are not receiving a sufficient supply of the one, and only one, essential element which they need for their well being and proper sustenance.

The Symptons are Danger Signals to warn you of the folly of neglect, of the folly of Drugs or Tonics. They are plain requests from Nature, for FOOD, suitable food, food she MUST have, unless your delicate Nervous System is to go from bad to worse, and you are to become a nervous wreck.

Where these symptoms exist delay is dangerous. The slight trouble of to-day becomes the chronic and serious trouble of to-morrow. Unless you supply your system with the nutritive substance demanded you will surely be added to the ever-growing number of Neurasthenic wrecks, the sad records of whom the daily Press keeps us painfully informed.

Commence to supply the essential FOOD ELEMENT in the exact state Nature requires it for easy assimilation, and from the first day you are laying in a store of permanent nerve strength and nerve energy. You are from the first day strengthening and reconstructing your millions of Nerve and Brain cells, by the scientific and sensible system of recuperation by NUTRITION. Nutrition means Permanent nerve health. Drugs and Tonics can at the best produce temporary improvement, with the inevitable after-effects, resulting in worse troubles.

Dr. Muller's Nutrient contains neither Drug Stimulant nor Tonic, nor is it a Secret or Patent preparation. Its analysis has been freely published and will be sent to your Medical Adviser if desired.

It is obtained mainly from pure new milk and new-laid eggs, the essential element necessary for the sustenance of the Nerve cells being extracted in an easily assimilable form according to the special method perfected by Dr. Muller. Only the extremely valuable Phosphotid Element of the egg is used, and over 3,000 new-laid eggs are required to produce only 12 lbs. of this extraordinarily potent Nerve and brain builder.

The same result might be obtained by unlimited consumption of new-laid eggs and new milk, but **YOU COULD NOT DIGEST THE ENORMOUS QUANTITY REQUIRED** to supply you with the necessary amount of the Lecithenic Phosphotid substance, of which the egg contains such a minute proportion. In Dr. Muller's Nutrient the work is ready done for your digestive system. You are consuming the essential element only. The huge bulk of useless matter is eliminated.

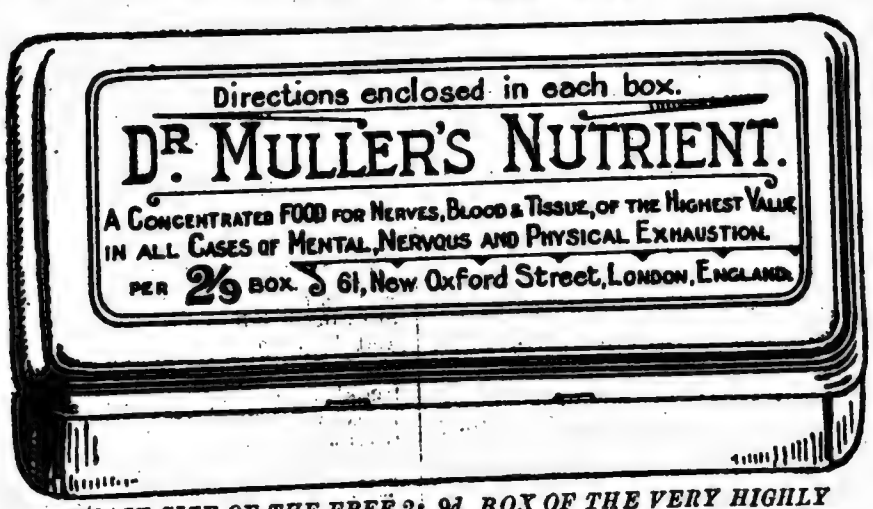
We want every one whose Nervous System is in any way impoverished, whose blood is poor, or who has wasting tissue, to supply themselves with the necessary nutrition at our cost, confident that the improvement will commence with the first tablet eaten, and content to let Dr. Muller's Nutrient prove its own worth to you. If you have not yet tried Dr. Muller's Nutrient, write us to-day, enclosing a 6d. Postal Order to defray the cost of packing, postage, etc., and we will send you without further charge a **FULL-SIZED BOX** of this marvellous Nerve Food. Not a "Sample" box, but the actual one sold by Chemists at 2s. 9d. We will also send to those who mention this paper when writing Dr. Muller's enlightening book, "The Way to Health," published at 1s. Both will be sent post free, with no further obligation than the 6d. Postal Order for out-of-pocket expenses of despatching.

Dr. Muller's Nutrient is sold in boxes containing a full week's supply (for Normal cases) at 2s. 9d. Four weeks' supply costs 9s. 6d., or eight weeks, 17s. 6d. You may have the 2s. 9d. size FREE under the above offer (sending 6d. for expenses), or, if you would like to have a more extended trial we will give you the 2s. 9d. box free in any case. That is, for 2s. 9d. we will send two weeks' supply, costing 5s. 6d., or you may order either the four weeks' supply, costing 9s. 6d., and remit us only 6s. 9d. (deducting the 2s. 9d. free), or eight weeks will be sent for 14s. 9d., instead of 17s. 6d. This offer only applies to new customers, and is to introduce the Nutrient to those who have not yet tried it. In no case can second supplies be sent on the same terms.

Dr. Muller's Nutrient can be ordered through any Chemist or Drug Store. Wholesale through the usual Wholesale houses.

Address your application, mentioning this paper, enclosing 6d. P.O. for the 2s. 9d. box, or the amount mentioned above, if a larger supply is desired, to 189, Dr. Muller's Laboratories, 61, New Oxford Street, London. Applications will be executed in strict rotation until the 25,000 free boxes are exhausted.

FREE


Directions enclosed in each box.
DR. MULLER'S NUTRIENT.
A CONCENTRATED FOOD FOR NERVES, BLOOD & TISSUE, OF THE HIGHEST VALUE IN ALL CASES OF MENTAL, NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION.
PER 2/9 BOX. 61, New Oxford Street, LONDON, ENGLAND.

FREE

EXACT SIZE OF THE FREE 2s. 9d. BOX OF THE VERY HIGHLY CONCENTRATED NERVE NUTRIENT sent to each applicant. The Nutrient is compressed by hydraulic pressure into the smallest possible bulk, and represents six times its size of powder preparations, in addition to being guaranteed to contain far more potent Nerve Food Elements in easily assimilable form, proved by independent analysis.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when writing regarding previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of INQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

"ATLAS."—We do not recommend any literary agents.

G. C. J. (Hull).—Too bad of the Salvation Army to encourage poor women to go out to Canada.

J. C. (Queenborough).—Yes, we suppose printers are often responsible for "nu" atrocities of spelling. We wish their crimes ended there.

H. M. (Barnsbury).—We agree in regretting the disappearance of forests, but fear there would not be room for many of them nowadays.

"TWO HARD-WORKING SERVANTS" think the Shops Act ought to apply to them as well as to barmaids. Then why not agitate?

M. B. (Winnipeg) doubts the story of a man sleeping out when the temperature was 16° below zero, and says he would have been frozen to death inside an hour. But Senator Smith is the authority on thermometers nowadays.

J. C. (Clerkenwell) says the boat and fire-drills on P. & O. ships are satisfactory. But can the lascars be trusted—and what about the *Oceana*?

S. B. S. (Eastbourne).—We never heard of "the fifteen minutes' rogues' licence" on racecourses. Something to do with poetry or politics, perhaps.

R. K. has been trying for months to obtain some greenhouse glass from Edgell (Radstock), and now receives a dog-kennel. That comes of barking so loudly.

H. S. (Dundee) is dissatisfied with Harry Appleton, bookmaker, Bale, Switzerland.

D. H. DE B. (Dromkeen).—Thanks for eight pages about Home Rule. We will lose no time in reading them.

"A CIVILISED SAVAGE" says he has lived for two months on caraway-seed. What was the effect on his voice?

LT.-COL. E. C. E. (Bournemouth).—We wrote as fast as we could about the *Titanic*, but we go to press early on Mondays.

A. D. (Putney) is a waiter who says he will lose 5s. a week through the Shops Act.

C. K. (London, N.).—We do not think even preachers should be allowed to strike opponents in Hyde Park, but why was your friend sent to an asylum?

"A DESCENDANT OF ALFRED THE GREAT" informs us that "truth is truth." That makes it all the more libellous.

"HUGH A NYE" says he won a prize of 5s. through the Competitors' Mutual Society, which sent him solutions to puzzles. That does not sound very encouraging.

H. L. (Cadishead) has a friend who says "the lawyers' profession ought to be abolished. There is only one thing to be done with them, and that is to put them through the mill and make bone-manure of them!" But we fear they would poison the crops.

G. H. G. (Brighton).—The Tattersall Club (Mangoe Lane, Calcutta) is not the Calcutta Turf Club.

"EVERY LITTLE HELPS."—Your dollar bill, in default of specific instructions as to upon whom you desire it to be bestowed, has been given to "Human Document" No. CXCII.

"JACK" (H.M.S. *Staunch*) sends a subscription of 5s. to the JOHN BULL League, as a mark of his appreciation of our work in connection with the question of lifeboat accommodation.

J. T. (Wokington) says that under the Shops Act a restaurant-keeper is no longer able to call his *sole* his own. "J. T." is a giddy kipper.

"HOME RULE" (Glasgow).—Under the Bill now before Parliament there is a right of veto reserved to the Imperial Parliament, and there is also an appeal to the Privy Council.

J. F. G. (Sheffield) says that he was recently dining at a café in Manchester and that "at the next table was seated Smyth-Pigott with a lady of about twenty-five years of age—probably the lady masseuse." We have reason to believe, however, that the fair damsel was none other than our own Jane Ann, who has been gallivanting about the country for some time past, but has now returned to the fold.

G. W. S. (Belfast) crossed the other night from Scotland to Ireland on the s.s. *Partridge*, which he found registered by the Board of Trade for a total of 1,025, passengers and crew—with six lifeboats possessing a carrying capacity of twenty-five each. We congratulate him upon having been safely landed.

W. A. P. (Pimlico).—We know nothing against this particular steamship agency. At any rate there was a substratum of honesty in striking out from their circular the words "we can safely inform you that work is certain" in Australia. It isn't.

"ENGLISHMAN" (Sydney) sends cutting from the local *Sun*, stating that "two steamers which left Australia for England recently carried large numbers of former immigrants who were disgusted with the way in which they had been deceived. The best work some of them could get was ringbarking at 8d. an acre. They were glad to work their passage back to England in the stokehole."

P. C. (Glasgow) says he is "the alleged son" of Jim Crow and the Beloved. But Jim is platonic and has no time for paternity.

"SMALL TRADESMAN" says Poplar paupers over 80 years old used to receive 1 oz. of tobacco per week; but this was reduced to ½ oz. and has now been stopped altogether. Yet one used to hear a great deal about pampering. Bill Crooks must shed another tear.

E. B. (Walworth) thinks it unfair of hotel and club staff agencies to charge 15s. commission on 10s. a week jobs. He wishes the Board of Trade would take the business over. But is there a Board?

R. C. S. (Glasgow) sends an advertisement of the School of Diving (St. Abbs, Berwickshire) stating that "miners, labourers or tradesmen with £10 capital can learn trade that will bring them £5 to £12 weekly." We do not recommend this offer, for divers reasons.

G. M. J. (Liverpool).—Better give the Shops Act a trial and then amend it. We are glad we opposed it.

E. N. (Dover), referring to the *Titanic* disaster, says, "You all seem to forget that there is a higher providence ruling over all, and that whatever has happened is for the best in the long run." This is crude fatalism, and should go far to discourage honesty, heroism, and all sorts of individual effort. If we have to wait until Mr. Ismay is reborn into this world as a little child, we may have to wait a long time. Besides, he is not even drowned yet. We are grateful for the offer of "a list of who some people were in a former life," and shall be glad to have it.

R. L. (Liverpool) sends a typewritten letter in incoherently variegated inks to tell us that it is a perfect disgrace for such papers as ours to be allowed to exist. "You seem to forget," he says, "that Mr. Ismay considered the *Titanic* safe enough for him to travel by." So it was.

"A 20-YEARS STEWARD" says it is doubtful whether five out of six sailors can splice a rope. We wonder what proportion can swim or row?

"RURAL."—Not knowing details of your offence in offering your card to a lady, we cannot say whether it was right to exclude you from the cemetery. We hope you did not tout for custom at a funeral.

J. S. S. (Strand) takes up the cudgels on behalf of Gibraltar, but is not very convincing. He says scorpions are "particularly well-dressed although fat and oily"; "garrison ladies are certainly not lovely," and the local race meetings are "really very interesting." Evidently tastes differ. Perhaps J. S. S. has not been to Gibraltar very recently.

T. R. (Holloway) saw an advertisement inserted by the Harley Institute 66, Paddington Street, W., for army or navy male nurses for six months' service abroad, pay £2 7s. per week. He replied promptly, but received a polite expression of regret that his application was too late, together with an invitation to pay £5 5s. for training in massage and electricity. He has not, however, sent the money.

W. D. (Ilkley) sends a copy of the *Police News* and says, "for our young life to get hold of and study it is horrible to think of, for it might possibly mean the first downward tread to immorality and the moulding of a criminal." But, besides a few illustrations, it only records crimes and their punishments. We suppose W. D. would like to suppress all police news in the daily press, but how are reports of sentences likely to encourage criminality? They should have a contrary effect.

M. C. (Finsbury Park) is an inventor with no capital and he finds no one will credit his inventions. He says the galloping gun attributed to a general and used in the Boer war was really his. He has also designed a passenger steamer, from which all hands can be rescued in five minutes, but no one will look at it. This, alas! is a common experience.

G. H. D. (Neboda, Ceylon) thinks British prestige will be lowered in India if small boys are allowed to beg from bicyclists. He says that Indian prisoners are better off, except for loss of liberty, than in their own dirty hovels. So much for Anglo-Indian prejudices.

"DECENCY" (Carlisle).—If we denounced all the doggerel which is written about serious events, we should have our hands pretty full. But we do mislike the limerick about the *Titanic*.

A. B. B. (Newcastle) says boats are very difficult to launch from a ship in a heavy sea. He has devised a plan by which sections of a ship (*e.g.*, a smoking-room or a group of cabins) may be instantly detached by simply turning a wheel. This seems to be a good idea, if the wheel is foolproof.

N. B. (Kennington).—We agree that it would be well if passengers could be instructed in fire-drill.

"A BRITISH SUBJECT" is angry with Keir Hardie for advising against enlistment, and says, "His right and proper place should be up a tree bouncing from branch to branch, cracking nuts and playing with his whiskers." But 400 nuts a year ought to satisfy this nut.

C. O. L. (Barnes) says the defeat of Roosevelt is impossible. Well, we are always willing to bet on the impossible, if the odds are sufficiently tempting.

G. R. (Old Ford).—Quite in order to allow the committee of a club to be present during a vote of censure. Were they not to be heard in their own defence?

"CORRECT" (Llandudno) says visitors exceeding the speed limit are prosecuted, but residents are immune. We doubt if this practice, if it really exists, is confined to Llandudno.

F. D. (Bradford).—We cannot say why the advertiser announced that "no Leeds or Bradford men need apply" for the post of steeplejack.

"SPECTATOR" (Kentish Town) saw a carrier's horse in great agony in Knightsbridge, and wonders what the N.S.P.C.A. are doing. He says, "I wish old Jim Crow would voice his opinion on the matter and let the vermin have it hot. I wonder why the stinking law allows these atrocities. I say, Oh, for a supreme being to stop the rot." Jim is flattered by the compliment, and will do his best.

M. H. (Bristol) considers it "one of *the* greatest frauds of the present day" that drapers rarely give farthings in change. Surely there are just a few other frauds about as great.

[We are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.]

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 650.*

TEA MERCHANTS

By Special *Appointment*

TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

DRINK AND ENJOY

LIPTONS 1/9 TEA

The Finest and Most Delicious Tea Sold.

OTHER LEADING BLENDS **1/6 & 1/4**

LIPTONS TEA

is sifted, blended, weighed, and packed by machinery. It is untouched by hand from the time the leaf is plucked until it reaches the consumer in Liptons registered packets.

Perfect Purity & Quality Guaranteed.

Tea Planters, *Ceylon.*

Chief Offices: *City Road, London.*

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

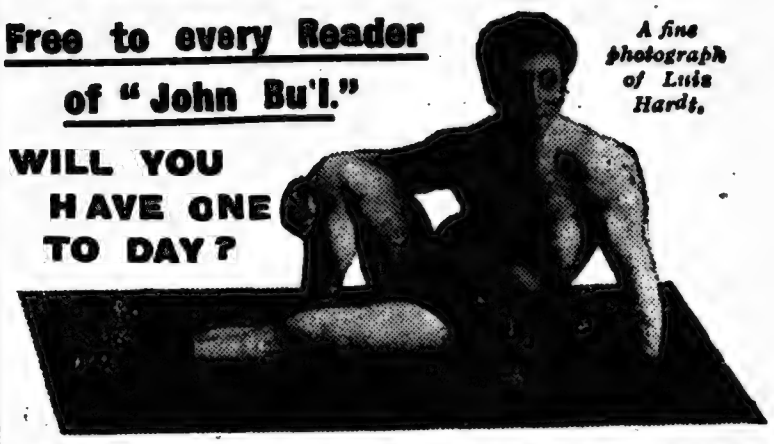
LIPTON Ltd.

AN AMAZING GIFT

That has enabled Luis Hardt to earn the SALARY of a CABINET MINISTER.

Free to every Reader of "John Bu'l."

WILL YOU HAVE ONE TO DAY?



A fine photograph of Luis Hardt.

MOST REMARKABLE OFFER EVER MADE IN A NEWSPAPER.

Read what Luis Hardt, who has made the money, says.

Do you want to earn more money than you do to-day?

Do you want to be one of the healthful, forceful, attractive, dominating men, whose health and strength enables them to make a success of the business of life? If so, read what the famous Luis Hardt says about how he rose to the enviable position he occupies to-day, and write in at once for the gift of Seven Days' absolutely Free Use of a pair of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-bells.

This wonderful little appliance, PRODUCED AND USED BY THE GREAT SANDOW HIMSELF, will be sent to you free by return post.

Use it like many of the most successful men of the day—follow the special directions drawn up by Sandow for the guidance of the users of his famous Grip Dumb-bells, and see during a day or two the difference they will make to you.

We, Sandow's Grip Dumb Bell Co., will send you these wonderful Spring Grip Dumb-bells entirely as a FREE TRIAL GIFT for seven days, Post Free, and you are under no cost or obligation whatsoever.

With every pair will be sent a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

The Chart contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Hear what Mr. Luis Hardt says:—

"Dear Sirs,

"It may or it may not interest you to know that I cured myself of a weak chest by following your system of Physical Culture, and not only achieved perfect health, but such abnormal strength that I am now earning my living on the Music Halls by performing feats of strength and showing my development acquired.

"Solely by your System of Physical Culture and using your Appliance, having appeared at every large town in Great Britain and Ireland, I would like to lay particular stress on the value of your Grip Dumb-bells, which I consider the very finest aid to Physical Culture ever invented, and I would not be without them. Previous to my performances every evening, I always warm up with a pair of Grip Dumb-bells, going through the Sandow System of Physical Culture.

"(Signed) LUIS HARDT."

WHY NOT TRY A PAIR YOURSELF?

You need not keep the Dumb-bells after seven days unless you wish, but if, after using these Dumb-bells for SEVEN DAYS ENTIRELY FREE, you decide to keep them, send a deposit of 2s. 6d. and promise to pay the remainder of the price at the rate of 2s. 6d. per month, which only means the small sum of ONE PENNY PER DAY, in order to gain the strength and stamina that commands success.

CUT OUT, FILL IN AND SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells Free-by-Post Coupon.

Room 57, Sandow Hall, Bury St., London, W.C. Date.....1912.

Gentlemen,—Please send me by return one pair of your Spring Grip Dumb-bells,

GENTLEMEN'S .....12/6—Suitable for age 18 and upwards.
YOUTHS' .....10/6—Suitable for age 14 and 18.
LADIES' .....10 6—Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

Please cross out sizes not required.

This order is given on condition that after seven days' free trial, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

FREE TRIAL. SIGNED.....Age .....

ADDRESS .....

OUR GREAT COMPETITION.

CAN YOU HIT THE BULL'S EYE?

PRELIMINARY TRIAL.

We have instituted what we believe will be a very popular competition, in which all may join, consisting of

HITTING THE BULL'S EYE,

and we hope as soon as the competition is in working order to be able to award prizes amounting to

£500 PER WEEK,

and later on, as the number of entries increases, to raise the amount to

£1,000 PER WEEK.

In the meantime, we have decided upon an Experimental Co-operative Scheme under which Competitors shall provide a Fund, THE WHOLE OF WHICH—FREE OF ANY DEDUCTION FOR EXPENSES—*will be distributed as follows:—*

1st PRIZE, 25 per cent.;
2nd PRIZE, 15 per cent.;
3rd PRIZE, 10 per cent.;

And Fifty Prizes of 1 per cent. for the best attempts to HIT THE BULL'S EYE.

The competition consists in completing any one of the unfinished Bull's Eyes appearing below. The answers must be crisp and to the point, and the prizes will be awarded to those readers who, in the judgment of the Editor—whose decision is to be absolutely final—hit the Bull's Eye in the clearest and sharpest form. The other Bull's Eyes will guide them as to the style they should adopt, and the finishing of the incomplete ones should afford much amusement and, at the same time, instruction.

All Bull's Eyes must be sent in on the form on this page, and a postal order for 6d. must accompany each coupon. Postal orders must be made payable to JOHN BULL *and crossed "& Co." Competitors sending more than one Coupon may enclose one Postal Order for the full amount to cover the whole of the Coupons, at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon. Write your name and address on the back of the Postal Order, and also put the number of the Postal Order on the Coupon. Coupon will be found on this page. Not more than* TWO *attempts may appear on any* ONE COUPON *and the Sixpence covers the entrance fee of both. Any Bull's Eye may be varied any number of times.*

The Bull's Eyes selected for the Competition are numbered, and it is not necessary to repeat the printed portion of the lines, as long as the numbers are mentioned on the coupons.

We wish it to be understood that the prizes will be awarded strictly on MERIT *and without any regard to the population of towns, or any other ulterior consideration. Competitors, however, should bear in mind that* NOVELTY *is an important consideration in selecting the successful Bull's Eyes.*

BULL'S EYES.

Will Lloyd George obey "doctors' orders"?
Isn't the outlook for the shipping world decidedly "stormy"?
Isn't it the tailors' mission to make society "smart"?
Will "Ranji" add to his credit this time?
Do they call him "Paddy"-rewski in South Africa now?

(1) A son has been born to Mr. Rupert Guinness. We presume he will be known as . . . .

Owing to the tailors' strike a minister is unable to get his Court breeches for the Levee. He will have to go without.

Grahame White prefers an aeroplane to a taxi-cab. A matter of a-pinion.

(2) "The Permanent Uncle" is the title of a recent book. There should be . . . .

"Love in a Workhouse," reads a headline. Result of a "casual" acquaintanceship?

(3) "There is not much money in music," says Sir Henry J. Wood. But there is . . . .

When an evening paper states "Fog holds up airman," it really means that the fog brought him down.

A New York woman recently left an annuity of £300 to a donkey. Nothing new.

Keir Hardie advocates a minimum yearly salary, "to be paid whether the workers are idle or not." But there wouldn't be any "workers."

Mr. Balfour has seen "Bunty Pulls the Strings" seven times. His political activity is by no means ending.

A Leeds man is giving a whist drive in order to discover a wife. Hearts will be trumps.

The statement that some new suns are in process of formation seems incomplete. What about——[Not in these—columns.—ED.].

A restaurant for women only is to be opened. We pity the cook.

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 4.

This week, after a careful scrutiny of every coupon, we have decided to apportion the £50 prizes among the undermentioned competitors in respect to the terminations, printed in *italics*. 1st prize to:—

Mr. H. W. RIDLEY, Cleve, Foxley Hill Road, Purley, Surrey, for "'Do Judges doze?' asks an evening paper. Well, they are sometimes '*just*' *awake*."

Mr. ARTHUR CHEVASSE, Stanley, Stoke-on-Trent, for "Gray has to pay John Roberts £1,500. It is a good thing he can *shell out like a 'white' loser*."

and

Mr. EDWARD COWIE, 89, Graham Road, Dalston, for "Isn't the Insurance Act already so clear that people can *see through it and still think it a 'bit thick.'*"

and

Mr. J. TROTTER, 5, Wainhouse Road, Halifax, Yorks, for "'A lover is a bold giver,' says John Oxenham. Yes, he often *risks his 'Fuchsia' for 'Tulips.'*"

The three last-mentioned gentlemen divide the second and third prizes.

The following competitors are awarded prizes of 10s. each:—

The following competitors are awarded prizes of 10s. each:—
B. W. Stewart, 10, Howard Road, Penge, S.E.; A. S. Fletcher, 9, Lilac Grove, Beeston, Notts; J. E. Page, 203, Seymour Street, Railway Clearing House, Euston Square, N.W.; W. Morris, 127, Chorley Old Road, Bolton; A. W. Morris, 17, South Hill, Stoke, Devonport, Devon; J. C. Hall, 84, Stanley Grove, Longsight, Manchester; S. R. Harris, 11, Cavendish Mansion, Clapton Square, N.E.; H. J. Hughes, Bramble, Bilton, Rugby; J. S. Gullick, Burton House, 113, Wigginton Terrace, York; J. H. Pritchard, 2, Percy Street, Paisley Road, W. Glasgow; R. Murray, 58, Lockerbine Road, Dumfries, N.B.; B. J. Jones, 2, Ryce Street, Sunnyside, Bridgend, Glam.; Miss W. Glendening, 29, Arlow Road, Winchmore Hill, N.; J. W. Shivas, 60, South College Street, Elgin, N.B.; C. L. Thrippleton, 19, Dorset Road, Leeds; J. Montague, 31, Carlyle Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; Mrs. W. Brown, 22, Mardale Crescent, Edinburgh; T. W. Thornton, 22, Terrace Road, Handsworth, Birmingham; S. E. Knight, Manor Avenue, Kidderminster; P. E. Tietgon, 395, Halley Road, Manor Park, E.; M. Brown, 20a, London Street, Southport, Lancs; D. Cameron, Fir Park Street, Motherwell, N.B.; G. A. Cooper, Wilford, 50, Manor Drive, Headingley, Leeds; A. Moffat, 62, Endrick Street, Springburn, Glasgow; W. A. Harris, 113, Greville Road, Bristol; A. G. Hewlett, Eastlea, 44, Whiteross Road, Weston-super-Mare; S. W. George, 30, Agate Street, Canning Town, E.; W. Barrett, Oundall, Pilmoor, York; J. Hendry, Jnr., Main Street, Muirkirk, Ayrshire; W. Price, Stationmaster, Bassaleg, Mon.; T. Bond, 14, Medway Road, Bow, E.; A. H. Davies-Colley, 9, Kingsfield Road, Watford; Miss Langley, Alveston, Glos.; J. C. Hall, 84, Stanley Grove, Longsight, Manchester; W. C. Makay, 63, Dundrennan Road, Langside, Glasgow; R. H. Bereton, 100, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.; T. B. Walsh, 33, Caversham Avenue, Palmers Green, N.; C. Maclean, 369, Paisley Road, West Glasgow; P. Green, 18, Landgward Road, East Southsea, Portsmouth; B. Greenaway (postman), Melbourne, Derbyshire; Mrs. W. Hodges, 56, Alfred Hill, Kingsdown, Bristol; H. Sloan, 13, Main Street, Kilsyth, Scotland; A. Clark, 19, Parsons Green, Fulham, S.W.; A. Saunders, The Heath, Cardiff; J. C. Little, Controllers Office, G.P.O., Edinburgh; H. Ashton, Oakfield Road, Newton, Hyde; J. D. Murray, 17, Hillside Street, Edinburgh; G. Lee, 5, Barton Terrace, Alppington Road, Exeter; W. Brooks, 50, Sims Street, Sheffield.

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Postal Order No. JOHN BULL, *May* 18, 1912.

I enter JOHN BULL *Bull's Eye Competition (issue of May* 18, 1912) *on the terms stated in such issue.*

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Not more than 12 *words.* _____

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Competitors need not select more than one Bull's Eye unless they care to do so. Postal Order for Sixpence must accompany this Coupon and be crossed "& Co." Coupon must be sent not later than WEDNESDAY NEXT, *May 22nd, to Bull's Eye Editor,* JOHN BULL, *93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.*

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Drayton Road, Harlesden.
Dunsford Road, Wimbledon Park.
The Avenue, Chingford.
Maud Street, Rhyl,
and Elsewhere.

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comprise the following: Set of 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs, Georgian period, 14 guineas; Georgian Sideboard to match, 11 guineas; dining table to match, extending, £7 10s.; Bookcase to match, 6 guineas; very massive oak Sideboard, £5 10s.; Overmantel to match, £2 5s.; Extending dining table, £2 10s.; 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs in carved oak, 40 guineas; Sideboard, very finely carved, in oak, to match, 12 guineas; 3 Chesterfield Settees, £3 10s. each; 6 very fine Lounge Club Divan easy chairs, 27s. 6d. each; Carved Oak Dining Table, 4 guineas; Carved Oak Overmantel, £2 10s.; Saddlebag suite, £4 15s.; another dining-room suite, £3 15s.; Massive carved oak Sideboard, with oxydised copper fittings, bevelled plate glass, 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs to match, extending dining table, heavy curb suite, £15 10s. the lot; similar set in fumigated oak, £13 10s.; 10 real Turkey carpets, about 9 by 12, at 7 guineas each; 4 Turkey carpets, about 9 ft. 6 ins. by 12 ft. 6 ins., £8 10s. each; 20 Turkey rugs, from 25s.; numerous carpets in Tapestry, Axminster and Velvet Pile, all sizes, in thoroughly good condition, to be sold without any reserve; a most elegant Grand Piano, 18 guineas; an upright Grand Piano, 12 guineas; another by Adolph Achumann, 18 guineas; another, by Carl Strauss, 22 guineas; several Grand Pianos by Broadwood, Emil Pauer, Collard and Collard, Bluthner, and Bechstein; 3 Hall Stands, 18s. 6d. each; hall chairs, from 7s. 6d.; and all necessary effects for completely furnishing Dining Rooms, Smoke Rooms, Libraries, Studies, etc., etc.

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THE DRAWING ROOMS

include a very fine Chesterfield suite, upholstered in silk, most elaborate, £25; another Chesterfield suite in silk tapestry, £12 15s.; Satinwood finish Drawing Room suite, £8 15s.; large size 6 ft. Chesterfield and 2 easy chairs to match, £15 15s.; a Satinwood finish Cabinet, 8 guineas; Vernis Marten Cabinet, 14 guineas; Buhl Cabinet, £12 10s.; very pretty Boudoir Suite, 4 guineas; another, 6 guineas; 6 Chesterfields with adjustable ends, covered in art tapestry, £3 10s. each; 10 easy chairs, 25s. each; 25 Occasional Chairs, 6s. 6d. each; Occasional tables, from 20s. each; Satinwood decorated centre table, £2 5s.; Satinwood decorated China Cabinet, 13 guineas; Satinwood decorated Overmantel, £3 5s.; Gilt Drawing Room suite, 14 guineas; an all brass Fender Suite, 4 guineas; 6 Gilt chairs, 15s. each; 3 Gilt Berger chairs, covered in silk, 10 guineas each; Baby Grand Piano, 40 guineas; pair 9 light Candelabra, 7 guineas; 3 gilt suites covered in French silk, £8 10s. each; Curio Table, 30s.; 6 White enamelled Overmantels, 18s. 6d. each; 4 Axminster carpets, with borders, about 11ft. by 14 ft., £7 10s. each; several other Axminster and Velvet Pile carpets; large quantity of Sheffield plate and silver; also table linen, bed linen, draperies, etc., etc.

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RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
["Larry Lynx" of THE PEOPLE, "Double U. L." of LOTINGA'S WEEKLY, and "Maggie" of THE GLOBE.]

Prophetic.

With only the final day of Newmarket to discuss, I would merely name the possibility of WISE MAC gaining the Three-Year-Old Handicap, and that OVERSIGHT must be worth a little each way in the Selling Stakes.

Gatwick would yield a win to the IMPERIOUS COLT in the Ashdown Selling Handicap, if saddled for it; while the Alexandra Handicap ought to go to LOWLANDER or BEETHOVEN.

In Saturday's Princes Handicap, it is not safe to overlook RENOWN, and THE ANGEL MAN on both his Kempton performances must be "thereabouts" in the Reigate Welter.

FOREIGN SWEEPSTAKES.

OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER'S INVESTIGATION.

In view of a large number of inquiries which have reached us respecting the "bona-fides" of the sweepstakes now being worked from Lucerne and other parts of Switzerland, we are dispatching our Special Commissioner for the purpose of investigating the methods of the various firms and of satisfying himself as to the genuineness of the draws about to take place.

In the meantime, we have been invited by Mr. H. Diamond and Mr. J. F. Awbery, both of Lucerne, to make the fullest investigation into their methods of business—Mr. Awbery having already expressed his willingness that our representative should make the draw for his Derby Sweepstake.

JOHN McLAUCHLAN,
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The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of April 20th :—

1723	183057	352701	510716	620002
20154	197372	355380	522601	626950
40120	210968	384270	537986	646854
47766	216226	414058	540640	656277
55285	246338	432495	549162	677802
71875	249108	449701	563902	705993
88098	259783	454587	584261	712181
111443	306649	465985	592770	723501
131975	321794	484479	600364	735222
141217	340215	503656	611847	74€436

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JUNE 15TH (PUBLISHED JUNE 13TH, 1912).

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